

# **The Grammarian**

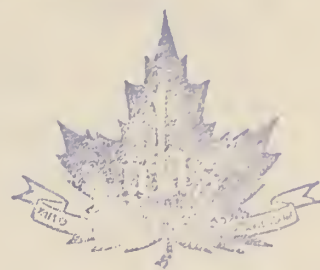
**1966**





# THE GRAMMARIAN

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*Halifax Grammar School*

5750 ATLANTIC STREET,

HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA

**Presented by the Students**

**of**

**HALIFAX GRAMMAR SCHOOL**

**HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA**

**MAY 14, 1966**

# THE CRIMINAL



THE CRIMINAL  
BY  
HAROLD ROBERTS  
LONDON: THE CRIMINAL



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Headmaster's Page	Page 3
The Prep School - Mask by Elizabeth Slayter	" 4
The Prep School Section	Pages 5 - 17
Jokes - Drawing by Alan Chaddock	Page 7
Photographs: Choir and French Instruction	" 9
Spring - Drawing by Leslie Nash	" 13
Malaysia - Design by Wm. Lim: Drawing by B. Newman	" 17
Guest Editor - Mask by Graham Fowler	" 18
The Humanities by Dr. Arthur Monahan	" 19
The Senior School - Mask by Harris Barton	" 21
The Grammarian Editorial Staff	" 22
The History of The Halifax Grammar School - R. Mann	" 23
Thoughts for Today - E. Terriss	" 24
Peace on Earth - A. Chaddock	" 25
Poor Richard - L. Nash; Drawing by Leslie Nash	" 26
Vertically Opposite Angles are Blue - I. Slayter	" 29
The Four Classifications of Man - S. Greening	" 30
Spring - Daryl Tingley; Drawing by Leslie Nash	" 32
The History of the Navy in Halifax - R. Petley-Jones	" 33
The Student Council - D. Scouler	" 35
Photographs: The Student Council; Art Class	" 36
The Art Club - E. Slayter	" 37
The United Nations Model Assembly - E. Kaplan	" 38
The Secret School - J. Sperdakes	" 39
Scott of the Antarctic - T. Howland	" 40
Reflection: An Existentialist Revery - N. Holmes	" 42
The Halifax Symphony Orchestra Concert - E. Kaplan	" 43
The Science Club - D. Clark	" 44
Photographs: The Science Club; The Science Fair	" 45
The Science Fair - D. Kernaghan	" 46
Simon Peter and the Vegetables - W. Black	" 47
Diamonds, Diamonds - P. Talbot	" 48
2146 A.D. - C. Curtis; Drawing by A. Chaddock	" 50
Young Mods - G. Steeves; Drawing by Leslie Nash	" 54
Equality of Opportunity - E. Kaplan	" 55
The Poetry of T.S. Eliot - W. Black	" 58
Mineralogy - W. Burton; Drawing by B. Newman	" 62
Beatlemania - P. Wright; Drawing by A. Chaddock	" 66
For a New World - J. Steeves	" 69
Viking Adventures - K. Farndale; Drawing by A. Chaddock	71
The Order of Good Cheer - T. Ross; " " " " " "	" 75
Gym - G. Steeves and K. Stuart; Drawing by L. Nash	" 77
The History of the Citadel - P. Meyerhof; Sketch: Nash	" 79
Sports - Mask by Judith Bell	" 84
The Most Exciting Game - James Gumpert	" 87
The Broomball Game - W. Black and G. Roberts; Drawing by B. Newman	" 88





## THE HEADMASTER'S PAGE

Every line of this, the sixth edition of *The Grammarian*, has been written since the Easter Vacation, and specifically for the School magazine. In other words, this material does not represent a patient gleaning of the best written work submitted by pupils, carefully corrected and re-written for the public eye. The only editing involved has been the correction of the occasional error in spelling or punctuation. Thus the emphasis has been on spontaneity and voluntary effort. The experiment, we trust, has not been unsuccessful. At least, it should give the reader a glimpse of what we are like "in our working clothes".

William Currie  
Headmaster







THE PREP SCHOOL

Mask by Elizabeth Slayter  
Form 2 - Age 14



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THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE

Oh, what should I do for the school magazine?  
As I sat just musing o'er this little thing --  
A story, a poem, an ode, or a prose --  
Which one should I choose? Oh, which one of those.

It's funny they'd ask a small boy like me  
To do such a thing for the school magazine.  
Well, I sat and mused and I thought and I thought,  
And you see what I've done for the school.

Jamie Murwin  
Prep. 5  
Age 10

A MAN FROM A RANCH

There was a young man from a ranch  
Who liked to hang on a branch  
But when he let go,  
He fell with a blow,  
That silly young man from a ranch.

James Morris  
Prep. 5  
Age 10

SPRING

The sky is fair,  
The sun is there,  
And everyone is glad,  
For here comes Miss Spring,  
And there goes Man Winter.  
He is so sad!!

Miss Spring is very beautiful,  
She brings the flowers and sun,  
And when you want to speak with her,  
She'll answer with great fun.  
She's always bright and happy,  
Like you should always be.  
She's never bad and angry like the wind that pounds the sea.

Her dress is of all colours --  
Greens, purples, and even blues.  
There are yellows and pinks and whites,  
And baby-baby blues.  
Her hat and dress are beautiful,  
As well as socks and shoes.

Erica Glube  
Prep. 5  
Age 9



THE LITTLE BOAT

My little boat is in the bay  
And I am waiting for the day  
When I can go to sea  
And see the world as it really is.

My little boat is in the bay  
And I am waiting for the day  
When I can go to sea  
And see the world as it really is.

My little boat  
Is in the bay  
And I am waiting

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My little boat  
Is in the bay  
And I am waiting



### ON TOP OF HORROR HILL

A long time ago, on top of Horror Hill, there lived two mad scientists, named Dr. Zorba and Dr. Jeckel.

These two mad scientists had worked for many years on one experiment. They were trying to change the brain of a human into the brain of an animal.

Late one night, while Dr. Zorba was cleaning up one of the laboratories, he heard Dr. Jeckel yelling in another laboratory, "I've got it! I've got it!" Dr. Zorba went running into the other laboratory and asked, "What have you got?"

Dr. Jeckel answered, "I have found the way to change the brain of a human into the brain of an animal."

Dr. Zorba said, "We will have to put an advertisement in the paper for a volunteer to have his brain changed."

So the next day they put an advertisement in the paper. Nobody answered the advertisement, so Dr. Jeckel said, "I, as scientists have for years, shall volunteer for this experiment."

The next day they were ready for the experiment. Dr. Jeckel sat down on a chair and Dr. Zorba put a helmet with a lot of wires coming out of it on Dr. Jeckel's head. Then he pulled the switch; he held it down for five seconds and then lifted it. Dr. Jeckel wanted to speak, but all he could say was, "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

And from then on, every day early in the morning, Dr. Jeckel says, "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

Marcus Burnstein  
Prep. 5  
Age 10

### YELLOW AND GREEN

There is a school in Halifax,  
The Grammar School by name,  
All the boys that go there,  
Try to dress the same,  
Neat and tidy, yellow and green  
Blazers and ties are always clean.  
We work and study every day,  
Watch out McGill; we're on our way.

Ian Treherne  
Prep. 6  
Age 12

## THE FIRST PART

It was a very long time ago, in the year 1848, that I first met the man who was to become my friend and companion.

He was a young man, full of life and energy, and with a mind that was always ready to receive new ideas. He was a man of great courage and determination, and he was always ready to stand up for his principles.

He was a man of great intelligence and a deep understanding of the world. He was a man who was always looking for the truth, and he was always ready to follow it, no matter how difficult the path might be.

He was a man who was always ready to help others, and he was always ready to stand up for the rights of the oppressed. He was a man who was always ready to fight for a better world.

He was a man who was always ready to listen to others, and he was always ready to learn from them. He was a man who was always ready to grow and to improve himself.

He was a man who was always ready to love others, and he was always ready to be loved. He was a man who was always ready to live for others, and he was always ready to die for them.

He was a man who was always ready to be a friend, and he was always ready to be a brother. He was a man who was always ready to be a man, and he was always ready to be a human being.

He was a man who was always ready to be a man of the world, and he was always ready to be a man of the future.

He was a man who was always ready to be a man of the world, and he was always ready to be a man of the future.

## THE SECOND PART

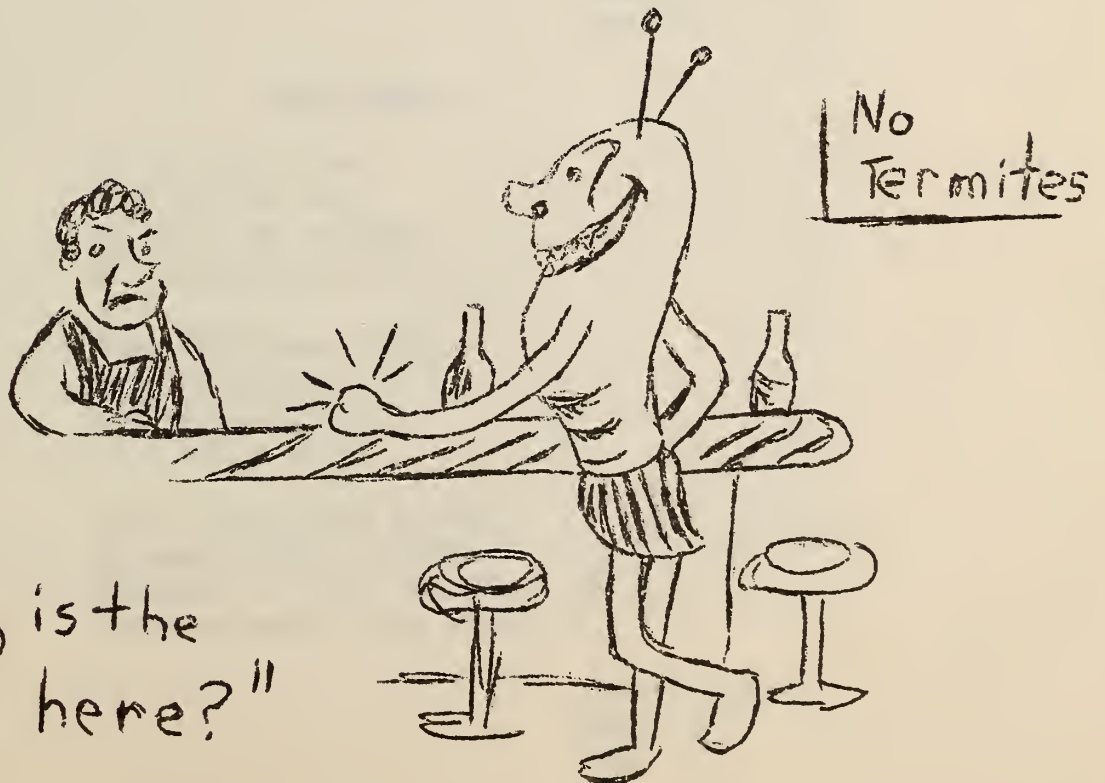
It was a very long time ago, in the year 1848, that I first met the man who was to become my friend and companion. He was a young man, full of life and energy, and with a mind that was always ready to receive new ideas. He was a man of great courage and determination, and he was always ready to stand up for his principles.

He was a man who was always ready to be a man of the world, and he was always ready to be a man of the future.

JOKES-BY STEPHEN OFFMAN

- Q. How do you kill a blue elephant?
- A. With a blue elephant gun.
- Q. How do you shoot a pink elephant?
- A. You squeeze his trunk until he turns blue and shoot him with a blue elephant gun.
- Q. What do fishermen always do?
- A. They drop lines.
- Q. What did the Indian do when his dog fell off a cliff?
- A. He said, "Doggone."
- Q. What did one apple say to another apple?
- A. You're sour.
- Q. How do you get six elephants into a Volkswagon?
- A. Three in the front and three in the back.

Stephen Offman  
Prep. 5  
Aged 10.



"Hey Mack, is the  
bar tender here?"





### IN A WHALE

Once upon a time I was fishing in a boat. I had caught only one baby fish. I was fishing in the Atlantic Ocean when a fish came up and made a hole in the boat, so I tried swimming, but at last I gave up and went under and suddenly a blue whale came up and swallowed me.

When I got in, I could hear his breath. I was very scared. I must have stayed in for two days. I never knew where I was but then I heard natives and then I saw a spear go through the whale and the whale opened his mouth and I walked out.

Then I saw cannibals and I knew I would be killed. They took me away and put me into a boat and took me to a deserted island and I saw a pot with boiling water in it. I got in the pot and I was boiled and then they ate me.

Gregory Auld  
Prep. 3  
Age 8.

### OUR TEACHER

Our teacher is a mighty man,  
His arm is long and thin,  
And when up goes his ruler,  
He raises quite a din.  
He is a jolly fellow, though,  
His bark much worse than his bite.  
His twinkling eye belies his growl  
When he slaps a desk with his might.

Ike Stoddard  
Prep 6  
Age . 10.

### THE SEAGULL

Up in the clouds,  
Down by the sea,  
The life of freedom,  
Is the right life for me.

Some fishermen shoot me,  
Some feed me fish.  
I'd wish for love,  
If I had a wish.

But I can follow onward,  
As many others should.  
Perhaps, if they were free as I;  
Then, probably they would.

Paul Trapnell  
Prep. 6  
Age 11.





THE PREP SCHOOL CHOIR



ORAL-AURAL INSTRUCTION IN FRENCH

Prep One: Mrs. Seamone

Charles Boyd, Sean Hawkins, Walter Speirs





"MUCHELL"

Muchell was an aircraft designer. Confidentially, Muchell's a --- nut! Here is one of his biggest boo-boos.

Muchell was making an airplane design when his boss, Mr. Butthead, came in.

"Muchell, you #\*/+## idiot!" yelled his enraged boss. "Those are plans for a Japanese sub!"

Muchell jumped out the window in his fright and crashed through the "hoare" (what they call an airplane there) and then crashed into an ambulance motor. The ambulance is around in case of an emergency.

Meanwhile, back at the office, the heat of Mr. Butthead's yells blew the plans out the window. They floated for a while till they came by General Command's window.

"Hiccup, Now lis "hic" -ten men, we "hic" all "hic" got to "hic pic" do our work, "said the General to a bunch of aircraft pilots. "We have to "hic" find a plan to "hiccup" keep us working."

"Our General's been drinking," said the pilots to each other.

Then an idea struck the General, smack on the head. (Of course it was the Japanese sub plans, but who in that room would know?) After he let off some steam, the General got up.

Let's build this airplane. For a moment I almost thought that these were plans for a Japanese sub.," said the General.

("Meanwhile what of Muchell? Good question.")

It just happened that the drivers of the ambulance decided to drive back to the hospital and call it a day. After staying under the hood for two hours, Muchell decided to get out. Unknowingly he just walked into the hospital.

"Catch that man," yelled doctors everywhere.

Now the chase was on. Muchell ran into a room where one sick patient was.

"You look sick," said Muchell.

"I am."

"How did you get sick?"

"I was on a commercial testing for Anacin tablets."

"Go on."

"I had to get sick on it to test the Anacin."

(Cont'd.)



"Yes."

"It didn't work! Yuk! Yuk! Yuk! Yuk! Yuk!"

Muchell ran out of the room. He saw doctors running after him, so he went to a closet to hide, but there was a terrified skeleton. He was shaking.

"What's the matter?" asked Muchell.

"I saw a ghost!"

Muchell slammed the closet shut and ran towards the window. He jumped through it and landed in a garbage can. Then he ran back to his office all covered in stink. Chewed-up banana skins. Torn suit. Messy hair. Garbage face. Yecch!

He looked for the Sub. plans. They were gone. He looked for his boss and found it. He (excuse the "it" in the last sentence) told Mr. Butthead what happened. Before Mr. Butthead screamed Muchell ran to find the General.

The plane or Sub. (whichever you want to call it) was being launched from a mother ship. Too late! The plane was launched. It fell, on a skyscraper too. Everything blew up. The Firemen came and Police and Doctors and everybody. Fire spread through the city. Everywhere explosive material blew up. Then after the city was clearly evacuated and after 100,000,000 dollars of equipment and 10,000,000,000 dollars of property were destroyed Mr. Butthead and the police and the firemen and everybody came up to Muchell.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" asked everybody. (Emphasis on the everybody).

"Gee, that was neat!" said Muchell. And also continued Muchell, after saying these words, "HELP".

David Wainwright  
Prep. 6  
Age 10.





THE KITE

I am a kite,  
Sailing high in the blue;  
Up in the sky,  
Soaring straight, full, and true.

My friends are below me,  
Twisting around,  
I am the King;  
From here to the ground.

But the wind fades away,  
And finally I fall;  
I'm through for my day,  
For I'm not King at all.

Paul Trapnell  
Prep. 6  
Age 11.

THE LITTLE BOY

There was a little boy  
Who lived in a house.  
One day he even tried to scare  
A mouse  
Out of the house.  
As he went out to play  
Out came a little mouse  
And the little boy scared him  
Into the house.

Nicholas von Maltzahn  
Prep. 2  
Age 7.

GOING TO SCHOOL

Every morning at half-past eight,  
I dash me off to school,  
For never, never must I be late,  
And foolishly break the rule.

For if I loiter on the way,  
And stop for little sport,  
Mr. Spencer sure enough,  
Will put it on my report.

Kent Roulston  
Prep. 6  
Age 11.

MY BIRTHDAY

On my birthday, I get presents. We have fun, and we eat  
nice things. And do you know what I am going to have to eat?  
Pancakes!

Jennifer Szerb  
Prep. 1  
Age 6.



- 13 -  
THE SEASONS

First of all comes spring.  
The brown grass grows green,  
The birds start to sing,  
And everything is really keen.

Next comes the summer  
When the flowers begin to grow.  
There is no time finer,  
When to the sea I go.

Following this comes fall --  
The leaves all gold and red,  
And the northwind starts to call  
And everything soon is dead.

Last of all winter is here --  
The time of ice and snow,  
Christmas Tree and reindeer --  
The nicest time I know.

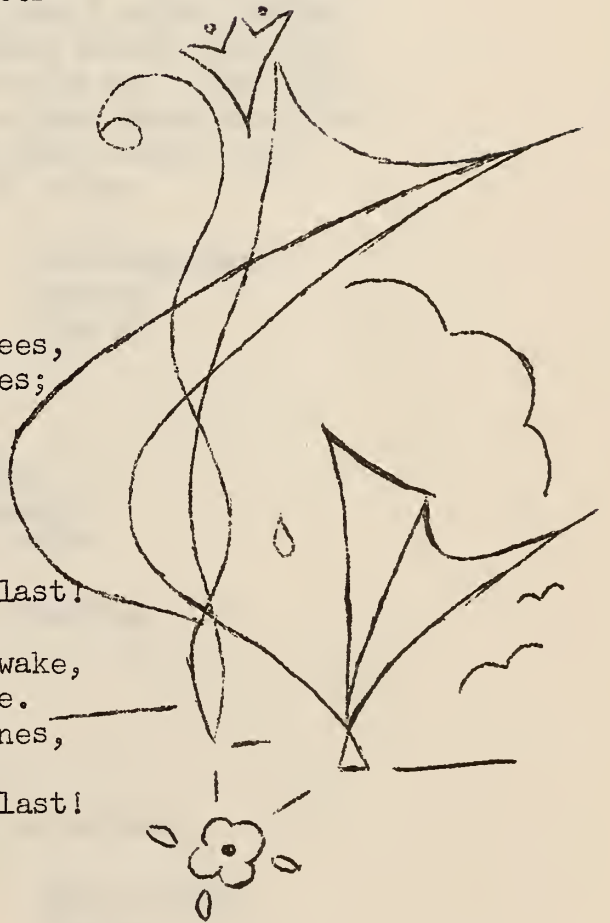
David Black  
Prep. 5  
Age 11

SPRINGTIME

This is the time to see the bees,  
Building their hives among the trees;  
When daffodils are out in bloom  
There's little time for any gloom!  
To hear the robin sing again,  
To watch the busy mating wren,  
To see the river flowing fast.  
Spring, oh spring, you're here at last!

When all the squirrels 'n' bears awake,  
Scrawny and thin, just like a snake.  
When fishermen cast again their lines,  
For fish of many different kinds.  
Spring, oh spring, you're here at last!  
It's just too bad you go so fast!

Prep. 6







THE HOLE IN THE CEILING

Drip, drip, drip, the water is falling  
Right upon our kitchen floor.  
"Where is the plumber?" Mother is crying.  
"I can't stand this mess any more."

Knock, knock, knock, the plumber is here,  
Bringing his bag of tools.  
"Hurry hurry, It's right over there.  
We're awfully wet with all the pools."

When the plumber fixed the leak,  
He said, "Come over here and see  
The job I did is mighty sleek.  
I am the best plumber, you see."

Brian Medjuck  
Prep 5  
Age 10.

FEAR

I fear walking down the street on a dark night when nobody  
is around. When I look up, the moon seems like a witch riding  
around with her husband, the goblin, and three little witchlets  
behind. When I go to bed, the bed squeaks under me. The light  
above me seems like a man's skull. After a rain storm the trees  
hang heavy over our house, and the drops go drip, drip, drip.  
But if I take my mind off fear, I will go to sleep.

Geoffrey Neal  
Prep 4  
Age 10.

FALLING

There was a boy called Walling,  
Who took a step and was falling.  
When they asked, "Where are you?"  
He said, "In my shoe."  
And that is what happened to Walling.

They tried to get him out,  
But he was just too stout.  
They put in a pin.  
He said, "Now I'll be thin."  
But that just didn't happen to Walling.

Kevin Brown  
Prep 4  
Age 10

A YOUNG MAN WITH A NOSE

There was a young man with a nose,  
Who always scratched it, with his toes.  
He said it's a bore  
And my nose is so sore --  
That silly young man with a nose.

Mark Oliver  
Prep. 5  
Age 11.

And, when I saw the light  
Of the sun, I was glad  
To see the sun, I was glad  
To see the sun, I was glad

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### THE BIBLE IN ENGLISH

And, when I saw the light  
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To see the sun, I was glad

FEAR

One Hallowe'en I was walking the street, and I heard some spooky noises. I thought the noises were coming from ... All of a sudden I was grabbed by a white arm! I was a prisoner. They took me into the middle of the park. They made me bail out all the trick-or-treats I had. They shared out all the candy. The goblins had my lollipops; the witches had my chips; the bats nibbled at apples; the ghosts had my chocolate bars. I was terrified! I thought of how I was going to go home empty-handed. Finally I figured out what I would do. I would say I gave it all to The Children's Hospital. So I went home. Then I heard Mum say, "David. Time to get up and go to school." It was all a dream.

David Newman  
Prep. 4  
Age 10.

SPACE

Pluto is too cold;  
Mercury is too hot;  
Venus is too cloudy;  
Jupiter is too big;  
Uranus is too green;  
Neptune is the same;  
Saturn is too dizzy;  
Mars is too red;  
But Earth is just right for me.

David Haldane  
Prep. 4  
Age 8.

FAIRY LAND

In fairy land you can play, play, play all day long. There are no schools, no teachers, no churches -- not even any parents. In fairy land you only get twenty-four years old; then your age goes down to one. When you are one, you die. Once I was up in fairy land and I saw a flying horse. This horse was no usual horse, because he had a pig's tail, a chicken's legs, a bird's wings, and the voice of a horse, and the body of a horse.

Robert Waddell  
Prep. 3  
Age 8.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

I will go out and ride on my sled. The snow falls all day long. It comes down in big heaps. We will go away on the train on December 24. After we come back, Daddy will go back to work.

Howard Conter  
Prep. 1  
Age 6.





ROVER

I said, "Rover,"  
Over and over,  
But the bad, little dog  
Just sat like a log.

"Come," said I.  
"Come," Oh my,  
He was up and away  
All ready for play.

Paul Richardson  
Prep 2  
Age 7

THE MYSTERIOUS PLACE

One day our cat fell in our well. I ran to get her out but I saw her being pulled down. I jumped in after her. Something pulled me under too. I took a breath of air as I was pulled under. I opened my eyes and saw a very beautiful place. I didn't know where I was, but I saw my cat. Suddenly a man came up to me and said, "This is the underworld land of Jerome." I said I wanted to go home, but the man said I couldn't. I asked him, "Why not?" He said that he did not know the way back. I said I could try to swim back up the well. I tried to swim up but the thing pulled me down. I asked him if he did not have a secret door. He said he might have one. "How will I find it?" I asked him. He said I could find it because the land was not very big. He said I could come to his house until I found it. I went to his house. He had a child but not a wife. After dinner I went to look for the secret door, but I did not find it. I did not see any other people except the man and his boy. My cat slept cozily close to the fire. One day when I had almost given up hope of finding it I leaned against a wall and part of it fell out. I ran to the man's house and got my cat. Then I went through the door. I found myself near my house. I ran to tell my mother about my adventure.

Tracey Brown  
Prep.3  
Age 8.

MILLY-MOLLY-MANDY

Milly-Molly-Mandy  
Is really dandy.  
If you want some candy,  
Ask Milly-Molly-Mandy.

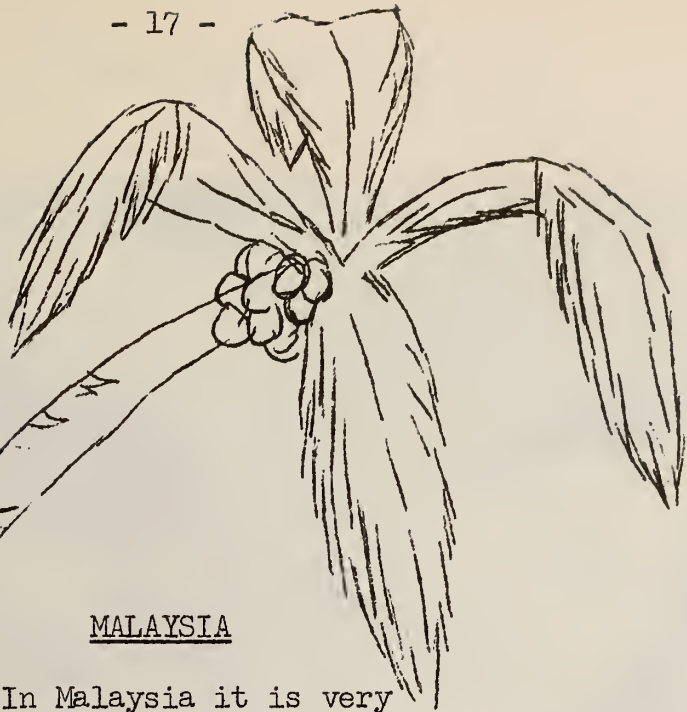
Tony Baylis  
Prep. 2  
Age 7

WHAT I LIKE TO DO BEST

What I like to do best is go to the park in the summer time.  
I like to cross the little bridge and look at the geese.

Philip Hunt  
Prep. 1  
Age 6.

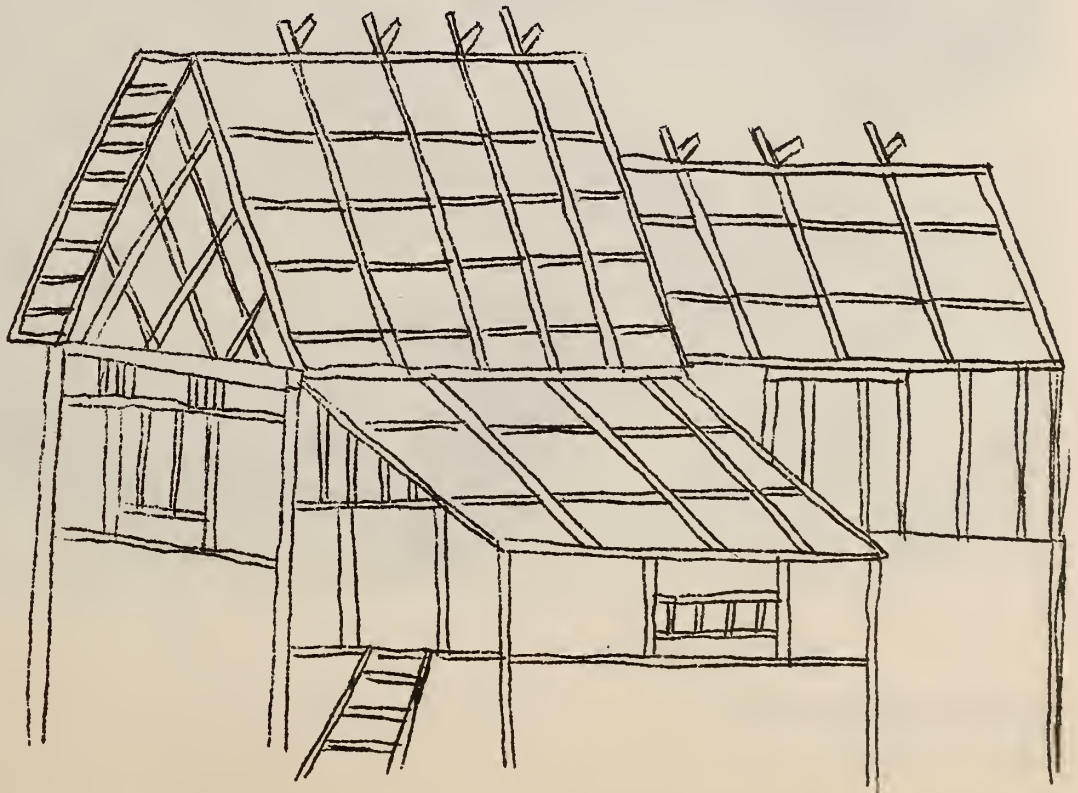




### MALAYSIA

In Malaysia it is very hot. There are no seasons throughout the year. In Malaysia most of the houses are made of brick with no heating. There are a lot of fishermen and farmers in Malaysia and they usually live in villages or Kampong. Kampong means village in Malay. There are three races living in Malaysia: the Malays, Chinese, and Indians. Most farmers and fishermen are Malays or Indians. Their houses are made of wood, bamboo, and coconut leaves and called "atap house". The word "atap" means a leaf of coconut.

William Lim  
Prep. 5  
Age 11.









GUEST EDITOR

Mask by Graham Fowler  
Form 2 - Age 14





THE PLACE OF THE HUMANITIES IN A HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION

Any enquiry these days about the future plans of a typical high school graduating class is almost certain to show some of the group announcing their intention to become scientists. Something equally certain is that not one of the group is at all likely to describe himself as a future 'humanist'. This does not surprise anyone. Indeed, one of the few findings from a questionnaire investigating high school graduates' future plans that would cause surprise is one showing no preference for the life of the scientist, and some explicit choice in favour of the humanist.

The reason for this is clear enough. High school students almost invariably answer questions about their future in terms of what they would like to do. It's true that we ask small children "what they would like to be when they grow up", but it's clear even to them that what we really want to know is "what they would like to do". It's equally true that most of us have little trouble considering what a scientist does. We may not know the answer with any precision or in any detail, but we are clear that he does something, something very useful and very important. But what does the humanist do? Does he do anything?

Our society, and our high school students who reflect very well our society's values, are career-oriented, job-conscious, and immensely practical in their value system. This is the major reason why many of our better students, and their parents, think of their future in terms of science. Science does things. A career in science is a useful and rewarding sort of activity, bringing concrete and often broadly beneficial results. Science and scientists get us to the moon, and to the centre of the earth; science and scientists solve the problems of food supply and control of disease.

One interesting illustration of the bias in favour of science, particularly noticeable in our universities but prevalent also in a lesser way in many high schools, is the relative willingness with which students in the sciences will suffer pedagogical fools gladly. Some, although certainly not all, of our very worst university teachers are in the sciences. Yet most of their students will suffer doggedly through their lectures with a degree of tolerance they would never show to a professor in a humanities subject. The science subject, it seems, has an intrinsic value that even poor teaching cannot destroy wholly. The humanities subject, on the other hand - a language, history or philosophy - cannot so easily afford the luxury of being badly taught. The student who finds this kind of subject badly taught is quite likely to conclude that the subject itself is at fault, and not merely the teacher.

There is an important lesson here concerning the place of the humanities in our educational system. Whatever place the humanities have in our schools will not be well served unless these subjects are well taught, extremely well taught; for they cannot be expected to maintain their position in a system whose major values are different from theirs unless they put their best foot forward.





This is not to say that the humanities have no legitimate values, and no place in our educational system. But we must be sufficiently realistic to accept two facts relating to our present educational situation: The values of an education in the humanities are not the same as those of an education in science; and humanistic values are not held in any very high regard by our society and its educational system.

The reason here is again quite clear. The values of science education are seen to be basically practical; and our society puts a high premium on practical values. Small wonder, then, that our society esteems science highly for these practical values. Languages, literature, history and the other humanities, however, are not primarily to be prized for their practical value, even though many self-deluding teachers of the humanities all too frequently have tried to justify their subjects in terms of the practical advantages to be gained from humanistic study. It has been argued, for example, that Latin is useful because it teaches one how to think clearly; that French or some other foreign language is practically valuable because it gives one the ability to converse and communicate with people of a different nationality. But let us not be deceived by the illusory strength of this kind of defence of humanities subjects in practical terms. Their primary value does not lie in the area of the practical or useful.

Education in the humanities is valuable, and indispensable, not because it perfects certain practical skills, but because it teaches us about human beings, about ourselves, in a way no other kind of education can. The primary function of a humanities education, and the primary value of the humanities in an educational system, lie in the humanities being the quickest and best way for us to learn about ourselves, about human nature.

That the reading and study of literature and history, for example, can offer real insight into what human beings are like was considered self-evident for centuries, and correspondingly these subjects enjoyed great prestige in traditional educational systems. This is no longer the case, both because it is no longer evident to many people that we can learn about ourselves in any meaningful and organized way from humanistic studies, and because all too many people today do not seem really to want to know about themselves in this fashion. Social scientists - psychologists and sociologists - handle this sort of thing nowadays.

But the situation is not really that simple, and provided only that persons can be persuaded even for a moment to be diverted from practical concerns, this point can be made. The place of the humanities in our educational system, however, will not be guaranteed primarily by those who can be made to acknowledge their value in human terms. Those who responsibility it is to provide this kind of guarantee, those primarily who will assert and achieve a place for the humanities are their proponents, their teachers. And they will achieve this only by showing the values of these subject areas, not in practical terms, but in contemporary terms.



The humanities require a new image, not a practical image, but a contemporary one. Today's student can be shown the intrinsic value of a humanities subject only if that subject is presented in contemporary terms. The key to making the humanities contemporary is the key to re-establishing the place of the humanities in our educational system.

Dr. A.P. Monahan  
St. Mary's University.







THE SENIOR SCHOOL

Mask by Harris Barton

Form 2 - Age 13



### THE GRAMMARIAN STAFF



Front row, left to right: Newman, Gumpert, Rowan-Legg, Roberts, Howitt.  
Second row: Neal, Connor, Welbourn, Mr. Karr.  
Third row: Richardson, Stoddard, Slayter.

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### COVER DESIGN - ALAN CHADDOCK

The staff of THE GRAMMARIAN wishes to express its appreciation to all those who have helped us to produce this issue in record-breaking time: the many mothers who valiantly typed and typed; Mr. DeLong who cheerfully added taking photographs to his heavy schedule; Mr. Delisi who helped in obtaining material for the magazine and who gave willingly of his time to help in editing and proof-reading; NEW LEAF ENTERPRISES, our printers, who accomplished wonders to bring the issue out on schedule.







THE HISTORY OF H.G.S.

On May 8th, 1958, a meeting of a small number of residents of Halifax and district took place in the Medical Sciences Building, Dalhousie University; its purpose was to determine whether there was sufficient public interest for the formation of an independent school for boys. A number of additional meetings occurred during the summer of 1958. Why? Because it was felt that students of average and superior intelligence were not receiving a first-class education and that more could be made available to students than the public school system supplied. The aims of the proposed school were to provide a distinctly Canadian school dedicated to giving the best in education in preparation for university, for average and above average children.

Therefore, in August, 1958, sixteen people formed The Halifax Grammar School Company, engaged staff, registered pupils at a private home, and purchased a large house on Tower Road which in ten days was converted into a school. The new school opened its doors on September 18, 1958, with 53 boys registered in Forms I through VI, distributed in four classrooms. By January, the number had increased to 70, and no additional pupils could be taken owing to limitations of space. The enrollment expanded rapidly and the decision was made in 1960 to purchase a site and build a school. On January 3, 1962, the new building opened its doors and The Halifax Grammar School was in its permanent home. Girls were first admitted to the school in September, 1964. In June, 1965, Forms V and VI wrote for the first time the McGill University Junior and Senior Matriculation Examinations. These McGill Entrance Examinations are accepted by any university in the world. In March 1966, a four-month campaign was completed that retired the mortgage on the school building. \$110,000 was raised, enabling the school to be practically free of interest-bearing debt. The success of the campaign was an overwhelming vote of confidence in the school, its past, and future progress and growth.

The school's curriculum challenges the minds of the pupils, broadens their knowledge beyond basic needs, and instils in them a scholarly interest which encourages them to study subjects in depth. Small classes and highly qualified, dedicated specialist teachers make it possible in this independent school to develop a curriculum which covers all basic subjects and is expanded to suit the individual capacities of each student.

The number of students who have graduated from the school has been very small, since 1964 was the first year the school had a graduating class. However, a remarkable percentage of Halifax Grammar School graduates have received scholarship awards at university.

The future of the school looks very bright indeed.

Ronald Mann  
Form 5  
Age 15.



THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

This may be a "hard old world," but there are a lot of people in it that are kind and affable. They are the kind, who in their own small way, are making life a little easier for those less fortunate. We have the very wealthy who have so much more than they can possibly use that they just have to give it to charities or have the government take it when they die, you know the old one; "You can't take it with you." Those to whom I refer as "kind and affable" are the every-day working folk, who by some kind and considerate act bring a ray of sunshine into someone's life who is really in need of a helping hand at the time.

For the most part the kind people will never receive any recognition or reward, but they will have what counts most - the knowledge and satisfaction of knowing that they did their best for those who needed a little lift and consideration. Good deeds should start in the home and spread. Some people say they are too busy to think of anyone but themselves. How empty and shallow their lives must be because, sooner or later, if they live long enough to "grow old", they will have time to reflect on their lives and what they did with them; that is, beyond their own selfish interests.

Anyone wishing to do good for others does not have to look very hard, and the effect on the lives of those they helped can be tremendous. A little thoughtfulness, a smile, a kind word to someone in trouble can have far-reaching effects. True, not everyone appreciates what is done for them, but they are a very small minority.

The larger the city, the more need for the doors of the heart to be opened. Many live in the same block or same building without becoming friendly. They seem to be afraid they might be called upon to help in time of need if they become friendly. Whatever one has received more than others in health, success, and mental ability, the more is expected of him in return. We all can't be a Schueitzer or a Dooley, but we can help in our own small way.

Ellem Terriss  
Form 3  
Age 14.



THE HISTORY OF THE

This is a history of the life of a man who was born in the year 1712, and who died in the year 1788. He was a man of great talents, and of great industry. He was a man of great courage, and of great fidelity. He was a man of great piety, and of great charity. He was a man of great wisdom, and of great strength. He was a man of great honor, and of great glory. He was a man of great fame, and of great renown. He was a man of great power, and of great influence. He was a man of great wealth, and of great riches. He was a man of great beauty, and of great grace. He was a man of great virtue, and of great goodness. He was a man of great love, and of great kindness. He was a man of great peace, and of great harmony. He was a man of great joy, and of great happiness. He was a man of great health, and of great strength. He was a man of great life, and of great energy. He was a man of great hope, and of great faith. He was a man of great love, and of great devotion. He was a man of great service, and of great sacrifice. He was a man of great courage, and of great bravery. He was a man of great honor, and of great glory. He was a man of great fame, and of great renown. He was a man of great power, and of great influence. He was a man of great wealth, and of great riches. He was a man of great beauty, and of great grace. He was a man of great virtue, and of great goodness. He was a man of great love, and of great kindness. He was a man of great peace, and of great harmony. He was a man of great joy, and of great happiness. He was a man of great health, and of great strength. He was a man of great life, and of great energy. He was a man of great hope, and of great faith. He was a man of great love, and of great devotion. He was a man of great service, and of great sacrifice.

The first part of the history is a description of the man's early life. He was born in the year 1712, and was the son of a poor farmer. He was a very bright child, and he was very fond of learning. He was a very hard worker, and he was very diligent. He was a very brave man, and he was very loyal. He was a very kind man, and he was very generous. He was a very wise man, and he was very strong. He was a very honorable man, and he was very famous. He was a very powerful man, and he was very influential. He was a very wealthy man, and he was very rich. He was a very beautiful man, and he was very graceful. He was a very virtuous man, and he was very good. He was a very loving man, and he was very kind. He was a very peaceful man, and he was very harmonious. He was a very joyful man, and he was very happy. He was a very healthy man, and he was very strong. He was a very lively man, and he was very energetic. He was a very hopeful man, and he was very faithful. He was a very loving man, and he was very devoted. He was a very serviceable man, and he was very sacrificial. He was a very courageous man, and he was very brave. He was a very honorable man, and he was very glorious. He was a very famous man, and he was very renowned. He was a very powerful man, and he was very influential. He was a very wealthy man, and he was very rich. He was a very beautiful man, and he was very graceful. He was a very virtuous man, and he was very good. He was a very loving man, and he was very kind. He was a very peaceful man, and he was very harmonious. He was a very joyful man, and he was very happy. He was a very healthy man, and he was very strong. He was a very lively man, and he was very energetic. He was a very hopeful man, and he was very faithful. He was a very loving man, and he was very devoted. He was a very serviceable man, and he was very sacrificial.

The second part of the history is a description of the man's middle life. He was a very successful man, and he was very happy. He was a very kind man, and he was very generous. He was a very wise man, and he was very strong. He was a very honorable man, and he was very famous. He was a very powerful man, and he was very influential. He was a very wealthy man, and he was very rich. He was a very beautiful man, and he was very graceful. He was a very virtuous man, and he was very good. He was a very loving man, and he was very kind. He was a very peaceful man, and he was very harmonious. He was a very joyful man, and he was very happy. He was a very healthy man, and he was very strong. He was a very lively man, and he was very energetic. He was a very hopeful man, and he was very faithful. He was a very loving man, and he was very devoted. He was a very serviceable man, and he was very sacrificial. He was a very courageous man, and he was very brave. He was a very honorable man, and he was very glorious. He was a very famous man, and he was very renowned. He was a very powerful man, and he was very influential. He was a very wealthy man, and he was very rich. He was a very beautiful man, and he was very graceful. He was a very virtuous man, and he was very good. He was a very loving man, and he was very kind. He was a very peaceful man, and he was very harmonious. He was a very joyful man, and he was very happy. He was a very healthy man, and he was very strong. He was a very lively man, and he was very energetic. He was a very hopeful man, and he was very faithful. He was a very loving man, and he was very devoted. He was a very serviceable man, and he was very sacrificial.

The third part of the history is a description of the man's late life. He was a very old man, and he was very wise. He was a very kind man, and he was very generous. He was a very wise man, and he was very strong. He was a very honorable man, and he was very famous. He was a very powerful man, and he was very influential. He was a very wealthy man, and he was very rich. He was a very beautiful man, and he was very graceful. He was a very virtuous man, and he was very good. He was a very loving man, and he was very kind. He was a very peaceful man, and he was very harmonious. He was a very joyful man, and he was very happy. He was a very healthy man, and he was very strong. He was a very lively man, and he was very energetic. He was a very hopeful man, and he was very faithful. He was a very loving man, and he was very devoted. He was a very serviceable man, and he was very sacrificial. He was a very courageous man, and he was very brave. He was a very honorable man, and he was very glorious. He was a very famous man, and he was very renowned. He was a very powerful man, and he was very influential. He was a very wealthy man, and he was very rich. He was a very beautiful man, and he was very graceful. He was a very virtuous man, and he was very good. He was a very loving man, and he was very kind. He was a very peaceful man, and he was very harmonious. He was a very joyful man, and he was very happy. He was a very healthy man, and he was very strong. He was a very lively man, and he was very energetic. He was a very hopeful man, and he was very faithful. He was a very loving man, and he was very devoted. He was a very serviceable man, and he was very sacrificial.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
LIFE OF A MAN  
WHO WAS BORN IN THE YEAR 1712, AND WHO DIED IN THE YEAR 1788.



PEACE ON EARTH...

Am I wrong or just afraid,  
To part with thoughts outworn;  
Or am I just a simple child,  
Who wants to toot his horn?

The challenge of the world outside  
Has come to me at last;  
How can I hope to change the tide,  
Of thought-waves from the past?

The problem's such an awesome one,  
That it rocks my very soul;  
But something surely must be done,  
To change these ways of old.

They've brought us merely war and sin;  
Made things of good lose out;  
Oh when in Hell will man begin,  
To make strong his light of hope.

Jesus taught us where to start,  
And you well know what we did;  
Our hatred pierced his holy heart--  
In a church his teachings hid.

Others too have done the same--  
Upheld the Golden Rules;  
And all of us are still to blame,  
For treating them as fools.

Some say we've come a long, long, way,  
And, yes, we have at that;  
But along with us we've brought the past--  
We're still the same today.

Worldly gains and all the like,  
They rule us just the same;  
But soon some day the bomb will strike,  
And up we'll go in flame.

But what a time for this to come,  
When peace at last is seen;  
And what a waste of time and men,  
Our history shall have been.

So tread with care on foreign shores,  
Extend to all your hand;  
I'm sure we've had our fill of wars,  
And wouldn't peace be grand?

A.J. Chaddock  
Form 5  
Age 17.



### POOR RICHARD

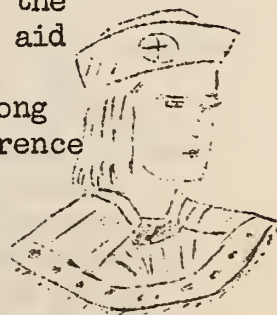
Wicked Dick with the withered arm murdered his sweet nephews in the Tower of London. This is what is taught in grade school history texts, and the layman's knowledge of Richard III seldom goes beyond this point. In spite of their meager knowledge of this much-maligned Monarch, these dilettantes don't hesitate to believe the horrible tales about him. Indeed, poor Richard has become the whipping boy of English history. This is so partly because of the unhappy twists of fate during his lifetime and partly because of the untimely twists of Shakespeare's tongue.

Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was born in 1452, the thirteenth child of the Duke of York. He was a puny, sickly child with dark hair and sallow skin: an ugly duckling in a magnificent brood of tall, golden Plantagenets. His spine was perfect, but his left shoulder was a little lower than his right - a defect he disguised by draping a cloak over his bad shoulder. This was the extent of his deformity, so obviously he was not the monstrous hunchback of Shakespearean plays.

Despite his poor health and physique, Richard was never jealous of the other children. He survived childhood to become a resourceful Yorkist cavalry leader when the Wars of the Roses broke out. At that time, he was only in his teens; yet he was already burdened with the heavy responsibilities of an adult. The load never again lightened, but Richard bore it well all through his life.

Early in the Wars, the Yorkist cause suffered a near-crippling blow, when the Duke of York was taken and executed by Queen Margaret. However, it was revived under the vigorous leadership of Richard; his elder brothers, Edward of York and George of Clarence; and Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick. Together, these men defeated the "Weather-Cock King", Henry VI, and incarcerated him in the Tower. After many narrow escapes, stubborn Queen Margaret and the young Prince of Wales fled the country. The triumphant Edward IV was crowned King of England in London.

Meanwhile, there was dissension in the Yorkist ranks. Warwick, angered by the new King's vanity, turned against him, and Clarence followed suit. Caught unawares, Edward was defeated by Warwick, "the Kingmaker", and he was imprisoned after the battle. Brother Richard fled to France and enlisted the aid of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy. He helped Edward to escape, and the two succeeded in raising a strong army against Warwick and the puppet-king, Henry VI. Clarence changed sides again, and the three brothers defeated and killed "the Kingmaker" at Barnet. The Yorkist army then marched quickly to Tewkesbury and there defeated the valient Queen Margaret. After the battle the first tragedy occurred. The Prince of Wales, a brave, golden lad of fifteen, was brutally murdered in the tent of his captors. This bloody deed was, of course, blamed on Richard, but shouldn't Edward be the suspect, since he had more to gain by the youth's death? A little later, old Henry VI was stabbed to death



RICHARD III







in the Tower. This atrocity, too, was blamed on Richard, but, if he did murder Henry, it was as a favour to his brother Edward and not his own desire.

Richard proved invaluable to his King as a shrewd advisor and an able general. He provided solidarity and backbone to the rather unsteady government of the dissolute Monarch.

As for Edward, he was preparing to condemn his hated brother, George of Clarence, as a traitor. Despite Richard's pleadings George was executed by being drowned, as the tale goes, in a barrel of Malmsey wine. Naturally, Shakespeare uses this sad event to accuse Richard of fratricide.

Shortly afterwards, Edward died, leaving the throne to his spoiled fifteen-year old son. At the wish of the dead Monarch, Richard became Lord Protector, and after an unpleasant tussle with the Queen Mother, took over the custody of his two nephews. When he accepted the crown, he did so because England was in great turmoil, and wouldn't tolerate the precarious rule of a boy-king. He kept the two boys in the Tower for their own safety. Well he knew that his enemies would try to kill them and pin the blame on him. Despite his precautions, the two Princes were smothered to death during Buckingham's revolt. As Richard feared, their deaths were laid at his door, and as a result, the people of England began to distrust him.

How ridiculous! Besides the two Princes, there were eleven people with better claims to the throne than Richard. If he had really murdered his nephews to keep his throne, he would have had to kill them all. Yet, in fact, he was very kind to every one of them. How contradictory! These unfortunate eleven were eventually executed, but not by Richard.

To secure his position, Henry Tudor hounded them to death, so he may well be responsible for the Princes' murders too. Certainly he was ruthless enough to stop at nothing.

A number of weeks later, Richard's only child, Edward, died. His sweet Queen Anne soon followed the frail little boy to the grave. Richard was prostrate with grief and fear. He was alone, without the time to indulge in his own pain. How could Shakespeare accuse him of inhumanly murdering his own wife for material gains? This is indeed a cruel blow.

During the next quiet year, Richard showed his great administrative abilities and made much-needed reforms. Here was a sovereign of great promise.

Then disaster struck again. Henry Tudor landed in his native Wales and began to muster an army. Richard didn't dally. He stampered the rebels progress at Bosworth Field. At first the odds were even, but the Earl of Stanley's forces deserted Richard on the eve of battle. Richard's stubborn pride refused retreat, so he stayed put and prepared to fight. At dawn he sounded trumpets, and rushed headlong into the opposing ranks, hewing a path of death towards the Tudor upstart. A spear's length away from his foe he fell, pierced with many wounds. The Yorkist lines broke and fled while the victorious Lancastrians found the Crown of England in a briar bush, and, on that bloody field, acclaimed Henry Tudor as King.



The Tudor's star was rising now, and Richard was given a hasty and dishonorable burial in a nearby churchyard. He was only thirty-three.

After his death, Richard's name was steadily blackened by Tudor propaganda. The Tudors, seeking to strengthen their position, hired monks and historians to exaggerate his physical defect, magnify his guilt, and if there wasn't any, to invent it. By misrepresenting Richard as a liar, a hunchback, a murderer, and a coward, Henry VI sought to justify his coup d'etat in the eyes of the common people.

Perhaps this fine political strategem stabilized the English government, but it cruelly slandered Richard, and made him loathed and hated down through the ages. Nevertheless, the need for such political artifices has long passed; it is about time that Richard's name was cleared, since it is not just, that slander and distortion live forever.

Leslie Ann Nash  
Form V  
Age 16.







Vertically Opposite Angles Are Blue

Part I

I Grovel in the Gutter  
Amongst my Fellow Scum.  
    We fight -  
    We cheat -  
    We curse;  
It's the Only way that Works  
That we the MASSES know,  
    To rise -  
    To emerge -  
    To come Free,  
From the Dark Depths of NOTHINGNESS,  
The Den where Exist we Rats,  
    To be someone -  
    To get somewhere -  
    To challenge Fate.  
We're Greedy, and Lazy, and So What?

Part II

I am in search of the DOLLAR,  
The God of my Faith.  
    I invest -  
    I inherit -  
    I control.  
My Creed makes Me Wealthy,  
And Gives Me all I need.  
    I have yachts -  
    I have cars -  
    I have POWER.  
My Philosophy has Never Failed;  
Flaws there are none.  
    I trust no-one -  
    I LOVE no-one -  
    I Help no-one,  
But Something IS missing, but what?

Part III

I am a POET and see Hope,  
I am a PHILOSOPHER and see Hope,  
I am a SCIENTIST and see Hope,  
I am a REALIST and know of CHANGE.

I. Slayter  
Form V  
Age 16



THE FOUR CLASSIFICATIONS OF MAN

Men are Four

He who knows not and knows not he knows not  
He is a fool--shun him  
He who knows not and knows he knows not  
He is simple--teach him  
He who knows and knows not he knows  
He is asleep--wake him  
He who knows and knows he knows  
He is wise--follow him.

These are words seemingly filled with wisdom. People seem to accept things like this, for the sole reason that the sayings seem very profound. I wonder how many people truly believe "Men are Four", and, on the other hand, how many accept it because of the strange and expert use of the word "know(s)". "Men are Four", when it was read to me, seemed to express logical ideas, which could not be doubted. But, the words stayed in my mind, and soon I doubted all the concepts given.

A man who does not know, and is ignorant of the fact he does not know, certainly does not deserve to be called a fool, or be shunned. The poor man has concepts or ideas that he believes to be right, but, without anyone to help him, he continues to wallow in his ignorance, curable only by the help of others. If one is to believe these people are fools, then we are all fools, for surely each one of us is ignorant of something, but believes himself to be right. The ancient scientists and doctors, according to "Men are Four", were fools, Yet no one would dare say this nowadays.

According to the dictionary, a fool is a simple person, therefore one could say that the man who does not know, and knows that he does not know is a fool, as the author himself states this man is simple. Fool is the lightest word I could use to describe this sort of man. Anyone who knows he is ignorant should be making a constant attempt to rectify this trouble. Unlike the case of the first man, whom you should seek out to teach, this other man should come to you, as, he knows his weakness can be corrected. If he waits for someone to come and teach him, as is usually the case, this man should be the one to be shunned.

The greatest men of the world today are those who know, but do not know that they know. They have all the ability and knowledge, but both are tempered by sagemess, which prevents them from making stupid mistakes for lack of consideration. What one can know one day can become wrong the next, but the person who can change his ideas, and still retain his self-respect certainly is the best of the four types of man. He is the sort of man that I would try to follow.

The man who knows, and knows he knows, can never be successful for long. The statement implies that he would be blind to changing conditions and times. He would follow his original thoughts to the end, thinking he could not possibly have miscalculated.







This type of person will be successful only until he meets something he did not expect, and then he will not know what to do, or stubbornly stick to his original plan. Napoleon knew he should go to Russia, but when the winter caught up with his army, he continued with his plan. A Russian winter was not going to hamper him; I have no idea how many thousands of his men were killed by the cold. I would keep a good distance away from this sort of man.

I have striven to consider what I would think are the general cases, those which occur the most. Possibly I have thought of examples that the writer of "Men are Four" did not even think of, but here is what I, a schoolboy, would write if I had the task of stating what I think of the Four Men.

He who knows not and knows not he knows not,  
He is uneducated--teach him  
He who knows not and knows he knows not,  
He is a fool--shun him.  
He who knows and knows not he knows,  
He is sensible--follow him  
He who knows and knows he knows,  
He is arrogant--beware of him.

Stephen Greening  
Form V  
Age 15.

FOG

Behind your face I see  
The night.  
Your eyes shine brilliant  
In the light,  
But I look beyond.

The stormy sky has yawned  
Her purple-tortured black,  
And gaunt old trees  
Stretch up their leaves  
To catch the soothing rain  
Which weeps and fails,

For fairy fog entwines them  
Like grey and ghostly veils.

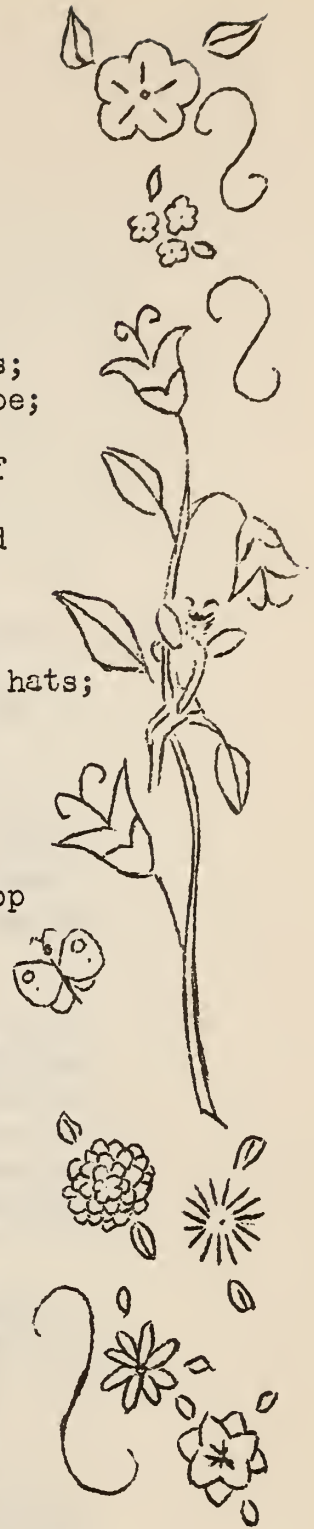
Leslie Nash  
Form 5  
Age 16.



SPRING AND WHAT IT MEANS TO ME

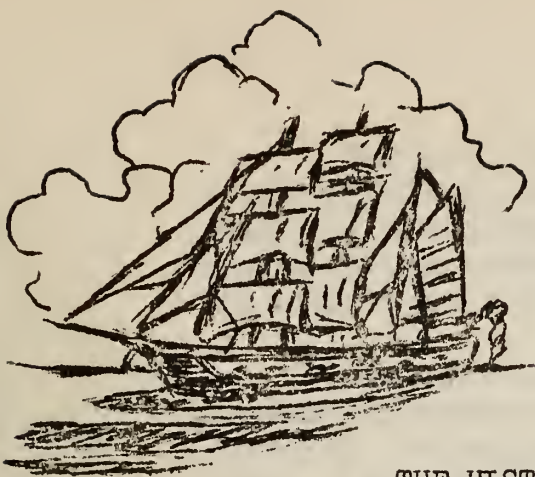
Spring is rainy days and warmer weather;  
Spring is putting away skis, sleds, and skates and  
getting boats, bicycles, and baseballs;  
Spring is raking up dead grass and finding new shoots;  
Spring is a boy with his kite and a girl skipping rope;  
Spring is a crocus in bloom or a daffodil;  
Spring is the return of the robin and the building of  
its nest;  
Spring is the waking up time of animals, insects, and  
plants, and the playing of the baby lamb;  
Spring is a time for Maple Syrup;  
Spring is a farmer planting his crops;  
Spring is a mother cleaning the house and buying new hats;  
Spring is a father fishing and playing golf;  
Spring is spring fever and change of behaviour which  
accounts for the June weddings;  
Spring is a time for hikes;  
Spring is working for final exams;  
Spring is Uncle Bill in his convertible - with the top  
down;  
Spring is a happy season!

Daryl Tingley  
Form I.  
Age 11.









### THE HISTORY OF THE NAVY IN HALIFAX AND GREATER DARTMOUTH

The dockyard in Halifax was started in 1758 as an operational base for Royal Navy Ships attached to the American Squadron. The Naval Dockyard at Halifax is the oldest dockyard in North America.

Between 1759 and 1763 many British Squadrons were based in Halifax. In 1769 the dockyard was extended. Five years later the dockyard was fortified. This decision was hastened by the American Revolution when the dockyard bustled with British and captured ships.

In 1819 pigs did what war and arsonists failed to do and from then until the Royal Navy withdrew in 1905, Halifax was to be only a summer station for the American Squadron of the British Fleet. The story is that one Admiral Fisher, at that time in charge of the station, kept prize Berkshire boars as a hobby at his newly constructed residence - now Admiralty House, and serving as the Naval library.

Violent objections on the part of Admiral Fisher's neighbours forced him to dispose of his hobby. This so offended his dignity that he brought pressure to bear to have his squadron headquarters moved permanently to Bermuda.

For some time the dockyard went into a decline. In 1905, however, the Royal Navy was withdrawn completely from Halifax. The Canadian Government took over the dockyard two years later. This was the birth of the Royal Canadian Navy.

In 1910 the cruisers Niobe and Rainbow were purchased from the Royal Navy only to be decommissioned two years later.

World War I again brought Halifax to the fore as an important naval centre and they recommissioned her two cruisers. The convoy system had been inaugurated and a control of merchant shipping was maintained. During the war the dockyard was to survive one of the greatest explosions ever known at that time, when the freighter "Mount Blanc" laden with munitions collided with the "Imo". About 2,000 people were killed and with the rest of Halifax the dockyard suffered terribly.



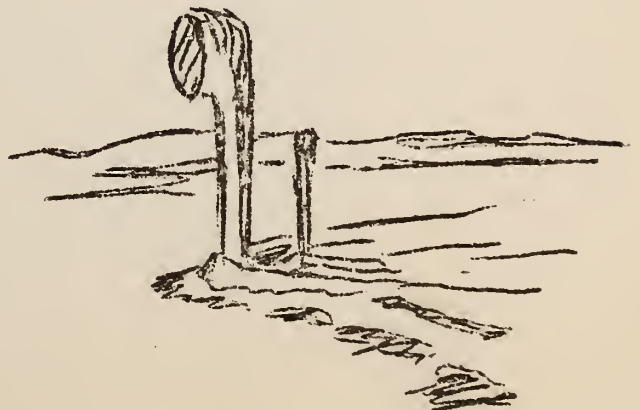
The naval complement after the war was cut to 366 officers and men and the dockyard was maintained by a skeleton staff until 1928 when the turning point in the Royal Canadian Navy's history occurred. From there the Navy grew steadily - and with it the dockyard.

The outbreak of World War II in 1939 brought about the greatest expansion in Canada's Naval history. At H.M.C.S. Stadacona the original 18 acres were expanded to twice that size. A huge building program was commenced. Every building on that property, except Admiralty House, was built in the early years of the war.

Many other properties in Halifax and Dartmouth were acquired at this time, among them the Army's old Gun Wharf; now the Central Victualling Depot; the King Edward Hotel site at the corner of Barrington and North streets; and the Army's Wellington Barracks on Gottingen Street to the north of the original Stadacona property. On the Dartmouth side, the Naval Magazine on the east side of Bedford Basin (1255 acres), the French Cable Company's Wharf and the Army's Ordnance Depot came under Naval control. The MacAdam estate and several other properties on the south side of H.M.C.S. Stadacona were added to the Navy's real estate. Today the Navy owns about 2,857 acres of property in greater Halifax and Dartmouth. A few weeks ago it was announced that the Navy would exchange with the National Harbours Board the Seaward Defence Base and \$1,000,000 for Piers 2 and 3.

Today the dockyard presents a very crowded appearance with many modern buildings spread along its mile-long water frontage. Although after the war there was a decline in its use, the decision to build and maintain an anti-submarine navy has brought the dockyard back into full activity again.

Ralph Petley-Jones  
Form I  
Age 11.









G R A M M A R I A N!!

G is for grammar, learn it we must;  
Without it all language would crumble to dust.

R is for three R's they wrote on a slate;  
But now we consider that quite out-of-date.

A is for Absent. - We need an excuse;  
Without it we are likely to hear some abuse!

MM Here is "m" squared, or maybe it is double,  
Unless we know which we may be in some trouble.

A Here is "A" and never forget it.  
If you ever put "E" you will live to regret it.

R is for reports; to each house they are mailed,  
So your parents will certainly know when you failed.

I is for ignorance, given as a reason  
For breaking a rule we have known all the season.

A is for Assembly, did I hear someone mutter  
"We might as well be in that hole in Calcutta".

N's not for knot, for knee nor for knight  
But it is in the middle of END; now in sight!

Rory Burton  
Form 2  
Age 12.



### The Student Council

The Student Council has had a very productive year. In sports, it organized a broomball game with the Convent of the Sacred Heart which The Convent won -- with the notoriously biased refereeing of Mr. DeLong. The game provided an interesting and humorous conclusion to the hockey season. The Council also held a ping pong tournament, won by Stephen Greening, which was effectively run by Bill Black and Hugh Corston. The hockey team appreciated the goalie gloves, which the Council purchased for their use, and the financial assistance given toward their out-of-town games.

John Morse and Alan Spafford, who form the nucleus of the dance committee, did a masterful job in planning the Christmas and Spring Dances.

The Council made available to the students stylish school sweaters. The operation was partly financed by the Student Council and expertly handled by Ian Thompson.

During one assembly, the Student Council conducted a slave auction. All the girls of the Senior School became, for one week, the slaves of the highest bidder. Bill Black was a talkative auctioneer. The bidding intensified to a feverish pitch when Claire Wilson of Form 1 was put on the block; she drew a top-of-the-auction bid of \$5.70 from a consortium consisting of Alan Tibbetts and Daryl Tingley.

The most important piece of legislation passed by the Student Council this year was the Election Act. There had been considerable confusion and lack of precedent in previous years, so this year the Council decided to organize and state specific rules under which Council elections would be held. The Act, drafted by George Hawkins, should effectively eliminate the faults of the past.

The executive of the Student Council consisted of Daniel Scouler, President; Ian Thompson, Vice-president; Denis Connor, Treasurer; and Christopher Curtis, Secretary.

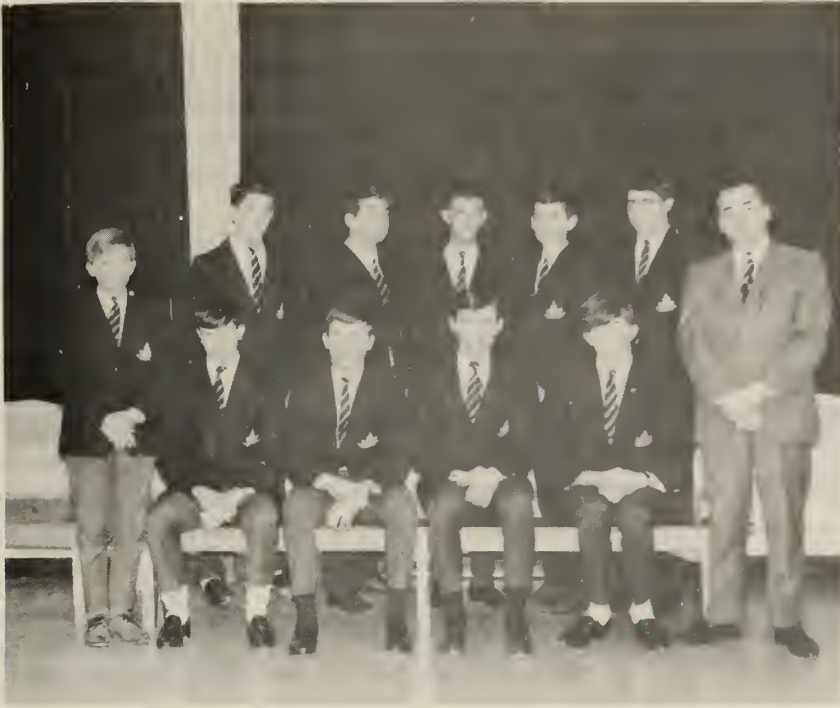
Each class in the Senior School has a representative on the Council. This year Form Six elected Bill Black; Form Five, John Morse; Form Four, George Hawkins; Form Three, David Scouler; Form Two, Harris Barton; and Form One, Hugh Corston.

The Student Council wishes to express its appreciation of the help given it by Mr. Delisi, Staff Advisor. Mr. Delisi was a cooperative and valuable member of the Student Council.

Daniel Scouler  
Form 5  
Age 16







#### THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Standing: Corston, Black, Hawkins, Barton, Scouler, Morse, Mr. Delisi.

Seated: Connor, Thompson, Scouler, Curtis.



#### ART WORK IN PROGRESS

Heggie, Terriss, Burton, Crace.



### THE ART CLUB

This year our Art Club has been very progressive as well as successful. It meets each week on Thursday from three-thirty to five. We usually have an average of fifteen members, and we have a few who attend as frequently as they can.

The activities of the club are extremely varied. There are painting, tooth-pick sculpture, clay modelling, tissue paper stained-glass windows, shaving and wire sculpture. With the help of Mrs. Fox we have done many new things that we have never heard of. One of these is called "wet whimsies." These are done by putting a blob of runny water paint on a piece of fairly large paper and blowing it through a straw. By doing this, one can get some very odd and sometimes fascinating designs. It can be quite messy if you do not know how to do it properly.

One of our regular members, Harris Barton, has modelled in clay a truly lovely seal on a rock. Lynda Harfield is in the process of making ceramic tiles for a table top.

We had a new member in the second term in the person of Mr. Payzant, who teaches mathematics. He did a free-form piece of modelling which attracted considerable favorable attention and was a source of great satisfaction to him and to Mrs. Fox, for he had never worked in clay before.

Much of the work is very good, considering each person has to use his own ideas and not those of any one else. This is sometimes difficult for some students, who have difficulty being original. Too often they think of something they have seen and liked which leads only to copying. With the help of Mrs. Fox we are learning to express our own ideas, and we are finding this exciting.

Elizabeth Slayter  
Form 2  
Age 14





THE UNITED NATIONS MODEL ASSEMBLY

Each year, for the past three years, the U.N. Club of Canada has organized in Halifax, a U.N. General Assembly, to which high schools all over the city send delegations. Gordon Steeves, Nick Holmes, Beth Kaplan, Alan Chaddock, and John MacLachlan of The Halifax Grammar School were chosen to represent Algeria.

Before the actual meetings there were several gatherings at The Convent of the Sacred Heart. Thus, the delegations got to know each other and accustomed themselves to U.N. procedure.

Friday, Feb. 4, at 7:00, the first real meeting began. Both the President, Dean McKay, and the Secretary-General, Donna Breen, made short speeches explaining the purpose of the Assembly. These unfortunately were the only talks to which everybody gave full attention. As speaker after speaker spoke almost incomprehensibly, or was too nervous to be heard, the delegations are hardly to be blamed for their inattention. Notes, such as "Dear Brazil: Will you help me steal Tanzania's flag at the end of this session?" Signed, Cuba, flew back and forth. Those who were trying to listen to the speakers interrupted with points of order and pleas for silence; speakers droned on and on; an attempt was made to assassinate the Secretary-General; and some speakers, Alan Chaddock, for example, were interrupted in the middle of their speeches because the Vice-President gave them insufficient time warning. Thus ended the Friday session.

We began again on Saturday at 9:00. This time, because of the arrival of Lieut. Governor McKeen and entourage, to view the morning's proceedings, the meeting was less disorganized and noisy. Still, the morning, though quite boring, was livened by various incidents, such as the forced removal of a Brazilian delegate, various attempted assassinations, and the reading aloud of a few nasty notes. However, as more and more little points were brought up and lengthy votes became necessary, I thought that perhaps, though the idea behind the Assembly is good, there are many who abuse it.

Of course, the positive side to the Assembly, that each delegation came to identify with his country, and that we all got an idea of the difficulties faced at the real U.N. (bickering, time-wasting, etc.) should not be ignored.

The U.N. Model Assembly is a marvellous experience, but there are many who do not take it seriously enough .

Beth Kaplan  
Form 5  
Age 15



Τά χρόνια που οί Έλληνες ήταν σκλάβοι τών Τούρκων οί παπάδες έδίδασκαν τά Έλληνοπούλα τήν Έλληνικήν θρησκεία καί τά Έλληνικά γράμματα κρυφά από τούς Τούρκους καί αὐτοί ὠνομάζον "Κρυφό Σχολείο"

Διάκος: Πού εἶναι τά παιδιά;  
Παπάς: Θάέλθουν σέ λίγο. (κτυπά ἡ πόρτα καί τά παιδιά μπαίνουν)  
1st παιδί: Ἀρχήσα με λιγάκι γιατί σ'ουαντήσαμε Τούρκους καί προσπαθήσαμε νά τοὺς ξεγελάσωμε.  
2nd παιδί: Νά κλείσωμε τήν πόρτα καί τά παράθυρα. (τακκίζει)  
Παπάς: Ἔλατε κοντά παλολάμου. Ἐχω νέα ἀπό τήν Ἑλλάδα. Ὅσοι προσπαθήσουν νά μᾶς ἐλευθερώσουν. (κτυπά ἡ πόρτα καί ὁ χέρος μέ τό παιδί μπαίνουν)  
Ο χέρος: Τό παιδί μου ξέρει ἕνα ποίημα. (τό παιδί λέει τό ποίημα)

(Ὁ Παπάς τοὺς κάνει τὸ μάθημα, λέει μετὰ τὴν προσευχή τοὺς. Τὰ παιδιά καὶ ὁ χέρος ψεύχουν καὶ ὁ Παπάς μέ τον διακόχονατίζουν μπροστά στήν Παναγία καὶ συνεχίζουν νά προσεύχονται.)

### THE SECRET SCHOOL

In the years in which the Greeks were conquered by the Turks, the priests taught the children the Greek language and religion secretly; thus the name "Secret School."

Helper: Where are those children?

Priest: They will be here. (Knock on door; children enter.)

1st Child: We were late because we met some Turks and we fooled them.

2nd Child: Close the door and window. (They close them.)

Priest: Come close to me, my children. I have news from Greece.

They are trying to liberate us.

(Knock on door. An old man and his son enter.)

Old Man: My son has a nice poem.

(Child says poem.)

The Priest gives them their lesson; they say a prayer. The Old Man and children leave and the Priest and his helper kneel in front of a holy picture and continue praying.

John Sperdakes

Form 2

Age 13.







### SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC

Robert Falcon Scott was born at Devonport, England, in 1868 and at the age of fourteen joined the navy as a midshipman.

During the latter part of the nineteenth century there had been a growing interest by the British in the Antarctic. So in 1901 the Royal Geographical Society sponsored an expedition to the Antarctic, led by Commander Scott. Scott was given command of the ship Discovery, which left England early in the year for Lyttelton, New Zealand, which was to be his base of operations. On December 21, 1901, Scott sailed from Lyttelton. Scott had trouble, though, penetrating the pack ice and was unable to enter the Ross Sea until just before winter. Scott sailed the Discovery into McMurdo Sound and there allowed the ship to be frozen in for the winter. There Scott and his men remained all winter. Finally summer arrived and Scott, Shackleton, and Doctor Wilson set out on an expedition to explore the Ross Ice Shelf and to study the habits of the Emperor penguins. They were gone fifty-nine days in which time Doctor Wilson got his information on the Emperor penguins and Shackleton and Scott got scurvey.

In January, 1903, a relief ship, the Morning, arrived in McMurdo Sound to take the expedition back to Lyttelton and to free the Discovery from the ice. All attempts to free the Discovery failed though, so Scott and four other men decided to stay another winter while everyone else went back to Lyttelton. Again in 1904 the Morning came back to McMurdo Sound. This time they managed to free the Discovery and both ships went back to Lyttelton.

On November 3, 1911, Scott returned to McMurdo Sound in the Terra Nova and there on the shore constructed a hut called One-Ton Depot. On completing the hut, a party of five - Scott, Doctor Wilson, Bowers, Oates, and Evans - started for the South Pole. The party started out with two motor sleds, ten ponies, and two dog teams. Within fifty miles the motor sleds gave in to the extreme cold, and a little later all the ponies had to be shot, because they were unfit for the task. Soon after that the dogs began to die, so in the end Scott and his men had to drag their sleds to the pole and back. Even with these problems they made good time and reached the South Pole on January 18, 1912, only to find a Norwegian flag and a note from Amundsen saying he had been the first man to reach the pole. This was a bad shock to Scott and his men, but food was short so they started back to One-Ton Depot immediately. The return trip was rough. The party was continually being forced to halt because of severe blizzards. Then on February 12 Evans fell from a glacier to his death, and on March 11 Oates, who had been suffering from frost-bite and holding up Scott and the others, walked out into a blizzard and died. The Three survivors pushed on and by March 28 they were twenty-one miles from One-Ton Depot.



Scott of the Antarctic

The next day they were only 10 miles from base, but then a blizzard set in. Cold, hungry weak and dying, they could do nothing but lie in the tent day after day waiting for the inevitable end. The men wrote their wills and farewell letters and after several days all were dead.

On October 30, 1912, a search party from One-Ton Depot discovered their bodies and there they built a huge cairn with a cross to mark the spot where Scott, Doctor Wilson, and Bowers had died.

Thomas Howland  
Form 4  
Age 16

LONDON, 1966

Oh, Wordsworth, wouldst thou wert here this day,  
To see what once was lovely now lying in decay;  
When you lived you were its hope,  
As was Milton and some more;  
But now to all your teachings  
The city's closed its door.

No more the pride and loyalty  
That once went with the Crown;  
No more the goodly English are living in this town--  
Run out by heartless foreigners to the hamlets far away;  
It looks as if her ruin has finally come to stay.

Mistake me not, dear Wordsworth,  
She still stands by the Thames;  
But like the Abbey jewel-box  
She no longer holds her gems;  
The money-grabbing strangers  
Put forth her tale to sell;  
While the life that tourists look for,  
Sinks deeper in the well.

Step forth, oh all ye lovers  
Of the fearless, strong, and bold,  
For London needs you--more so  
Then ere in days of old;  
Let's save this dear old city  
From the wrath of modern times;  
And keep alive the meaning  
Of those stately London chimes.

Alan Chaddock  
Form 5  
Age 17







REFLECTION

An Existentialist Reverie

"For the universe is an infinite sphere  
of which the centre is everywhere the  
circumference nowhere." B. Pascal.

It is dark. I can barely see and this water is like ice. Water...how I used to like swimming in it...to think that it will shortly cause my death... I shudder. I have always heard that drowning is a gentle way to die if you can accept death. I wonder how long it will be before...Why think of it? I wish I did not have to think. Why do I want to die? I do not know that I do. It is more that I do not want to live. My mind says "slowly let the water engulf you". I try to let myself slip down into the water...my legs tread all the faster. I remain at the surface. I know I will always stay at the surface as long as I am able. I tell myself to wait; that it will come and that everyone has got to die sometime. I wonder then, why I fight death, what there is in me that is stopping me. I want to scream for help; I try, but my entire system is focused on keeping above water. I shut my mouth, fearful the water will rise suddenly, choking me. The water seems to possess a will of its own; it is in constant motion all around me. If only I could be dragged under by some fish or current. - then I would not have to wait. How I envy people who are killed instantly. They do not have time to contemplate death. I could start swimming...but what would that do? No one can reach me; I am completely alone. Only I will die, when I die. Of course, I could look at it that everyone dies when I die, at least as far as I am concerned. Then there is no change.

I am shaking from the cold? No, I do not even sense the temperature of the water. It is death that I fear. Death lurks all around me. It used to vanish whenever I tried to face it. Now...now I hurry to get out of the water, fearful I might somehow drown.

Nicholas Holmes,  
Form 6  
Age 17



THE HALIFAX SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

On Thursday, Feb. 24, the Grammar School students had the pleasant experience of missing afternoon classes to attend a concert which had been specially arranged for the Halifax Grammar School, The Ladies' College, and Dartmouth Academy. In all, about 500 people attended: a sea of green, purple, and blue blazers.

The concert, which lasted for more than an hour, was based on an "around the world in music" theme, thus providing variety with music from many countries. Mr. John Fenwick was always in firm command as the conductor and always interesting as a program annotator. The program began in Scotland with the "Fingal's Cove Overture" by Mendelssohn, proceeded to England with "English Folk Songs" by Vaughn-Williams and then went to France with "La Vie Parisienne" by Offenbach. It went on with "Valse Triste" by Sibelius, to represent Finland, and "Thunder and Lightning Polka", by Strauss from Austria. A flute solo, "Andante for Flute and Orchestra", by Mozart, played by a ten-year old Halifax school-boy, Leslie Ault, interrupted the stream of purely orchestral works, which continued with "Cavaleria Rusticana" by Mascagni (Italy), a dance from the "Carmen Suite" by Bizet, (Spain); "Jamaican Rhumba" by Benjamin (West Indies), and "Hoedown" from Rodeo by Copland (U.S.A.) The encore, "Downtown", a "pop" tune was enjoyed by everyone.

Though the concert was excellent, I have one complaint. It is impossible to have a program pleasing all ages, and the age span (from very young pupils to very ancient teachers) was much too great. The teenagers enjoyed it less than those younger and older than themselves.

However, one day we teens must be introduced to classical music; this concert made the introduction very pleasant.

Beth Kaplan  
Form 5  
Age 15

PROTEST

Kennedy's shot  
Castro's bought  
"Khrushchev ousted"  
Mao boasted  
U.N.'s peaceful...  
Unsuccessful  
Indian famine  
In Chinese sampan  
Riots of race  
To set the pace  
Filth and lying  
Honour's dying  
Now I'll add a little piece  
So anguish from these problems  
cease  
But Gee, Ain't life grand?!

Leslie Nash  
Form 5  
Age 16







The year of 1966 has been an active one for the Science Club. This year greater participation of the younger forms has increased the scope of the club's activities substantially. At present there are eight younger members working on such varied projects as the study of the light bulb, a small direct current dynamo and a code sending-and-receiving apparatus. In addition, Harris Barton of Form Three, is working on a large transformer which will be employed in a future arc-welding apparatus.

Most of the year has been devoted to preparation for the Annual Science Fair held at Dalhousie University. As the deadline approached, it seemed for a while that time might not permit the showing of all our projects, but a last minute effort on the part of our contestants insured the appearance of all five entries.

Doug Kernaghan, who placed fourth and won fifty dollars, displayed a fascinating Tesla Coil which is capable of generating 40,000 volts. As a part of his display, Doug amused the audience by lighting a model town without wires with the power radiated from the coil.

A copper plating project was constructed by Bill Black and Ronnie Mann to demonstrate Faraday's Law of Electrolysis. I still think they are headed in the wrong direction, turning nickles into pennies.

Keith Farndale's project, The Parabolic Mirror and Arc Lamp, was constructed to show the laws of light and heat reflection. To illustrate, Keith built an arc lamp using battery carbons as a light source, and with the aid of a large parabolic mirror was able to ignite certain materials placed in its focus.

Peter Meyerhof has prepared an interesting type of direct current motor consisting solely of a rotating spoked wheel and magnet to demonstrate the relationship among force, magnetic field and current flow.

Last, but not least, there is the kiln constructed by Gordon Steeves; this project should greatly assist our Art Department. All of these projects are also being displayed at our Open House in May.

As a result of this year's success in the Fair, plans are already being formulated for next year's winners.

David Clark  
Form 4  
Age 16.





#### THE SCIENCE CLUB

Front row, left to right: Clark, Meyerhof, Morse, Farndale, Mr. Stanford.  
Second row: Finley, Tupper, Laidlaw, Barton, Gumpert, Tingley.  
Third row: Mann, Slayter, Kernaghan, Vondette, Mader.



Douglas Kernaghan with his prize-winning Science Fair Exhibit.





### THE SCIENCE FAIR

On April 15 and 16, 1966, Dalhousie University held a Science Fair in the Sir James Dunn Science Building. Our school entered five contestants: Bill Black and Ronnie Mann with an electroplating experiment; John Morse and Dave Clark with an electric pendulum clock; Doug Kernaghan with a Tesla Coil; Peter Myherhof with an electric motor; and Keith Farndale with a parabolic mirror.

The rules were that students could seek advice from their teachers and others, but that the design and assembly of the exhibits must be entirely their own work. The Fair was open to all high school students in Nova Scotia under the age of nineteen, and over the age of fifteen. Students could compete individually or in pairs.

Marks were awarded on the following basis: relevance to physics or engineering principles - 30%; ingenuity and imagination - 30%; technical skill - 20%; and dramatic value - 20%.

The sponsors were the Nova Scotia Light and Power Co., Ltd., Ben's Ltd., E.M.I. Cossor Electronics Ltd., Maritime Paper Products Ltd., Oland and Sons Ltd., and Dalhousie University.

The competition was very good. We did not think we had a chance, but Friday night when they announced the results of the afternoon's judging, we were elated. Out of thirty-two contestants, Doug Kernaghan with his Tesla Coil had placed fourth, and John Morse and Dave Clark, with their clock had tied for sixth place. All were fifty dollar winners.

Douglas Kernaghan  
Form V  
Age 17



SIMON PETER AND THE VEGETABLES

Ploughing the water, blue as the endless sky,  
The cruise ship "Lacuna" had just left home.  
Inside her bow a party ran full high  
In a grandish lounge called the "Sequin Room";  
Decorated in candles and lavish silken threads,  
And curtains done in shining golds and reds.

In one bright corner of the smoke-filled room  
The Earl of Beresford played roulette;  
The mounting losses aired a sense of doom,  
As he lit his pipe and wiped away the sweat.  
He sent a waiter to fetch another gin,  
Bet his bundle, and lost another spin.

Near the Earl a group of women stood,  
A drink in one hand in the other a cigarette  
Because their hands could do no other good;  
Except, of course, to play at gay roulette.  
Talking of vital things, or so they thought:  
Golf, the heat, who owns the largest yacht.

One of them through a porthole glanced,  
And in the mist, a fishing boat she saw:  
"The Simon Peter" through the sea advanced.  
Her crew the bold "Lacuna" glimpsed with awe.  
A woman said "Now, isn't that quaint!  
Though the boat could use a coat of paint".

Meanwhile the fishermen untangled knots,  
Furled the lines, and prepared the bait,  
Talking of vital things, or so they thought:  
The kids, the home-folk, the catch's weight.  
And their minds wandered to the grandish yacht,  
And the crew wondered what the revellers thought.

W. A. Black  
Form 6  
Age 15





DIAMONDS, DIAMONDS

The world has long been waiting for a great mystery story. This is definitely not it.

In New York's main office of the Chase Manhattan Bank, lies in safety deposit box 621, the renowned Von Scholt diamonds. The clock in the manager's office ticked away the seconds, as the streetlight cast light over the grossly littered desk. Outside, the roar of the subways made the still night uneasy and unassuring. Along the sidewalk came a small darkly-dressed Puerto Rican of about 31. In his hand he grasped a doctor's bag. From the other direction came his tall accomplice. Inside the bank all lay peaceful, including the night watchman, who was reading McGuffey's Sixth Eclectic Reader.

The moonlight shone down upon the two Puerto Ricans as they loitered in front of the bank. Along the sidewalk came a cop, swinging keys on his key chain and whistling "Who Put The Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder", unaware of the two criminals hiding behind the trash cans, in a side alley to the right of the bank's main entrance. When the cop was out of sight, the two Puerto Ricans returned to their work.

While one picked the main lock on the front entrance, the other was dining on his feast of well-done hamburgers from "Hamburg Heaven". When the hydraulic doors flushed open, the men carefully went inside. One belted the night watchman and his McGuffey's Sixth Eclectic Reader to the floor. The boss, who was the short one, gave directions to the tall, lanky one. The tall man had a hard time turning the dial, because his fingers were greasy from the hamburger.

The gears tumbled into position very slowly and only after many minutes was the "click" heard, along with a buzz. The criminals snatched the jewels and hurried off quietly. Each was blaming the other for setting off the alarm. From down the street came a station wagon full of Pinkerton Detectives. It drove up in front of the bank. One by one, the detectives stepped out and entered the bank.

Meanwhile the two robbers were hurrying to their boat, the "Old Faithful". They had planned to sail over to Brooklyn and keep out of sight for a while. Then they would go to a friend and he would cut the diamonds for them. Then they would bury them and stake a claim on them and then sell them. This seemed like a fool-proof plan, but escaping from Manhattan is not an easy chore. They boarded the "Old Faithful" and hid the diamonds in the fo'c's'le and went and tried to start the engine, but this time "Old Faithful" wasn't so faithful. Her engine was not co-operating.

The police of Manhattan East had traced the two to the docks, and were on the scene. Some urge must have come over "Old Faithful", for soon she was put-putting across the East River to the quaint shores of Brooklyn. The 54th Precinct had sent over a "Welcome Wagon" to greet them. The foreigners from Brooklyn were warmly met by the gentlemen of the 54th Precinct. Arm in Arm they took the two to a squad car and drove them down to headquarters.

Paul Talbot  
Form 1  
Age 12





VACANCY -- A ROOM TO LET

An Adventure in Language  
(To be read aloud)

The bell did gone and ringed as I fell into the street and slipping slept again. When I have been or shall get smart I should because of the when to doing it, get up and sing or swim or sink into the street in the morning when the bell did gone and did ringed as I rose into the street and walking awoke again slipping. I will not but not go from here to school fastily; when I did, I waterskied. I did not but not go and eating my food sleeparily, and rambling yet unfinished.

Ronald Mann  
Form 5  
Age 15

MICE

The merry mice stay in their holes,  
And hide themselves by day;  
But when the house is still at night,  
The rogues come out to play.

They climb upon the pantry shelf,  
And taste of all they please;  
They drink the milk that's put out for cream,  
And nibble bread and cheese.

But if they chance to hear the cat,  
Their feast is soon quite done;  
They scamper off to hide themselves,  
As fast as they can run.

Jamie Steeves  
Form 2  
Age 13

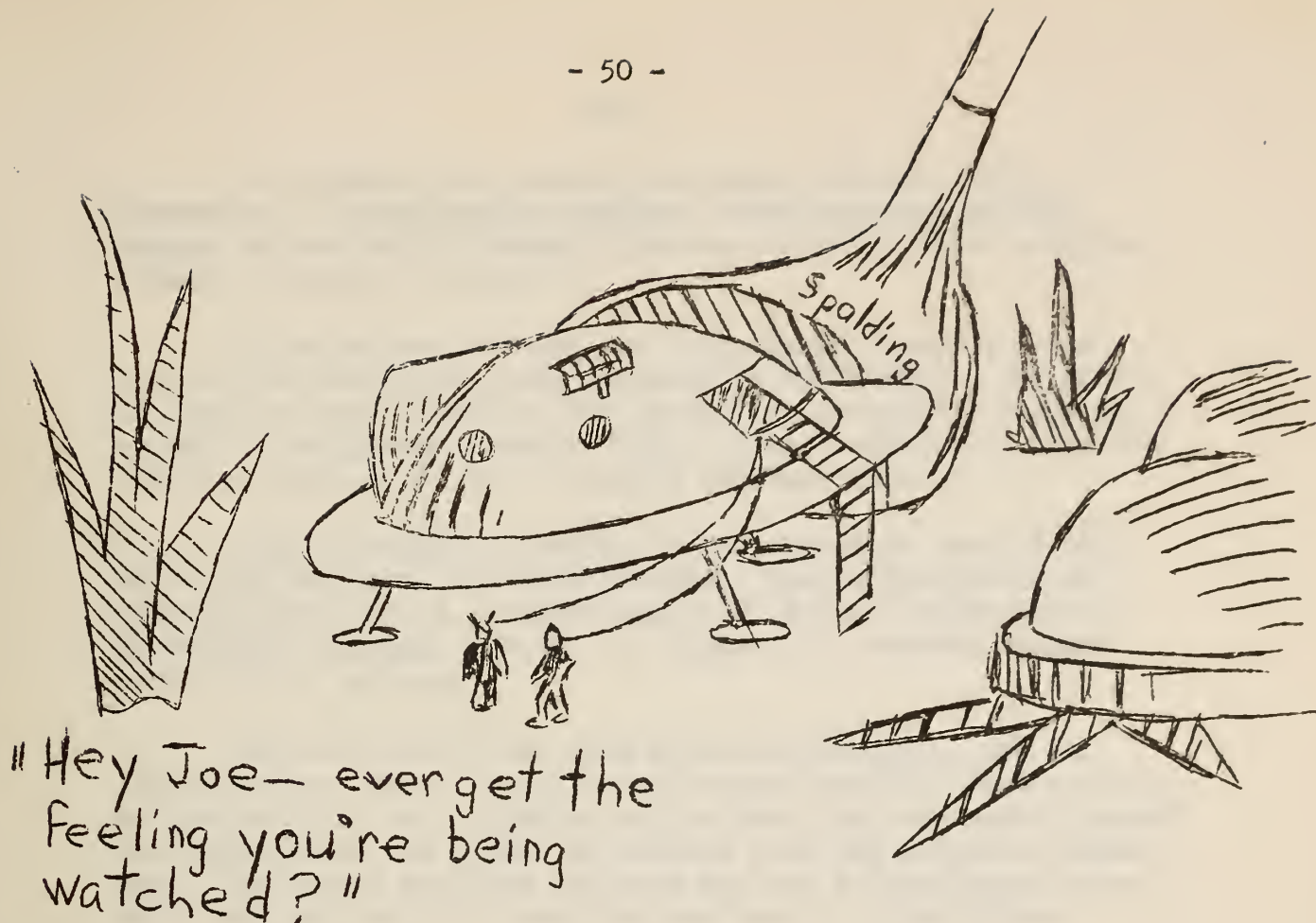
THE WHALE

Plunging away through the deep, deep sea,  
The huge whale sports in his kingly glee.  
Down to the bottom sometimes he'll go,  
Then up to the surface to blow.  
There is a danger and a dread in catching the whale,  
For he'll toss a boat with a blow of his tail,  
And then, plunging away again, he goes  
Bounding along in the deep, deep sea  
The whale! The whale! the mighty and free  
Is the monarch and pride of the deep, deep sea.

Jamie Steeves  
Form 2  
Age 13







2146 A.D.

Volume 1

The new Planet shone dimly against the huge star about which it revolved; he had noticed it on the stereo videoscope. It was an ordinary planet, but for John it was a discovery, a new planet that no one had trod upon.

It was his breed of man that the rest of the world looked up to. The frontier men, who constantly looked forward beyond the fringes of the civilized world. Like most of his type, he had been on earth only once, and, that was only as a stopover to another planet.

He had been born on one of the planets circling the second star of Cassiopia. Like most other stars, it did not have a name, but was denoted by its sector, sections, and subsections.

He, like most other boys, had gone through elementary training in flying for the space force, but this bored him, so, joining the special force, he set out for new frontiers.

John had been looking at the new planet on the scope for half an hour and noticed it had four moons. He had also noticed a slight blip on the radio screen, but cast it off as a meteorite, even though this was a section where the probability patterns for meteorite sightings was 10 to 1.

He went to the viewport to look at his planet through the void of space with his eyes. The planet had a reddish tint throughout, probably mercuric oxide.



On landing, the safety mechanisms were put into operation. The atmosphere analysis reading showed an 80% oxygen content with no harmful gasses, and the ground sampling showed no harmful material.

A quick scan through the video-scope showed a dense forest surrounding the area on which he had landed. The meadow on which he had landed had been picked by a computer which had access to the ground scanner. This relieved the driver from the task and responsibility of finding the best spot.

Upon leaving the craft, he was amazed at the red sky which did not tint the scenery below; the purple trees and yellow meadow made a pleasant scene. He did not think this to be unusual coloring, for, on his planet, the scenery changed every  $10^{\circ}$  of latitude.

He went over to an area of short pink grass and sat down as he was tired from his long voyage and fell fast asleep; he was awakened by a tickling on his feet, and on looking around, was startled by the number of animals that had gathered around him. The animal that had awakened him was a four-legged animal which had the body of a deer and the face of a baby kitten.

The animal came over and licked his hand and as he slowly lifted his hand to stroke its back, his hand was shot upwards. There was a force field surrounding the whole animal which shot a pain up his arm as far as his elbow - this explained the animals' friendliness towards him.

Noticing that everything was as it was when he had fallen asleep, he went back to the ship to look over the planet and the sky. The radar again showed a meteorite heading towards the planet, but, if it hit in the region of his ship, the force field would protect him.

He thought this over carefully; this was his only protection and would only protect him against mass particles, but not energy particles shot from weapons; he made a mental note to get a new shield when he returned to civilization.

That night, he thought over his meteorite sighting and wondered where it had come from. There were no meteorite areas in the sector so that it had to come from at least 100 light years away.

He decided to sleep after having a beer from his freezer. Next morning, he noticed on the other side of the meadow, a ship, twice as big as his, glittering in the red sun. It was true that his was only a small ship, but, even by earth's standards, that ship on the other side of the meadow was big! He ran back to get his translator and on returning he saw someone emerging from the other ship.







As he thought that this might be the first meeting of two super civilizations, he decided to get the upper hand from the beginning.

By the time he had reached the glen where he had slept, the alien had reached him. He was surprised to see him there so quickly until he noticed a power pack on his back. The alien had also brought a translator; therefore, there would be no language problem.

After introducing each other, they tried to set forth terms of agreement on the settlement for the planet, but, as they could not agree, it must end in a war between them. They gave each other an atmosphere transmission set, so they could communicate with each other.

When he went aboard the ship, he took an account of what he had. For defensive purposes, he had nothing but a useless force field, a ventilation system that did not work and a heater that heated when it was hot and froze when it was cold. Apart from his freezer the only thing that worked well was his motor and he kept it in working order himself.

At the bow of the alien ship was a rotating turret which probably housed a 3.3 x 10<sup>7</sup> mm lasergun which was capable of destroying his ship. Down on the lower level, the hull was completely encircled by a row of small close-range guns.

As his own ship was totally useless as an offensive vehicle, his only hope was bluff.

When he turned around and saw that his heating system was pouring black smoke out of its opening, an idea came to him. He asked the alien to come out (on their atmosphere transmission set) and when he flew over, John explained that he was about to show him his secret weapon.

As the alien wore tanks, John presumed that he did not breathe oxygen, therefore, did not see much fire because oxygen is needed to keep a fire going.

He told the alien that in any moment his weapon would appear and then stop. At least, he thought to himself it had better stop.

He started to look towards the ship and clouds of smoke began to billow out; he glanced over at the alien who was staring at his ship with wonder and fear in his eyes. John knew that his hunch had worked. They discussed dividing the planet, but John became over-confident and so asked for too much. The alien disagreed, even though it was obvious John had the upper hand.



John and the alien parted and went back to their respective ships until the next day when there would be further talks. John went to his Universal computer index and asked for information - out came the answer!

As he proceeded down the steps to their meeting, in one hand, he carried a communication set and in the other, a bag. After three hours of futile arguments, they decided to rest. As usual, the alien had argued with logic and gave his steps in a predetermined order. This angered John and when he did get angry, the alien would look at him with surprise. He seemed completely believing and trustworthy, as if he had no earthlike emotions or knowledge of them. John decided that this would help his plan even more.

As the alien was getting ready to leave, John asked him to share the food which he had brought for both of them as a gesture of good will; he took some food out and gave him half of what he had. As he finished, John brought out the real treat - some beer.

They drank and, as the alien had never had any, he became drowsy, but John gave him two more beers and the alien was quite drunk. John's second hunch had paid off.

Now for the final punch - he told the alien that he felt that with his secret weapon, it would not be a fair fight, and proposed they change ships and the alien agreed.

They gave each other the combination to each others ships. As John walked over to the alien's ship, he noticed that the guns followed him over - no wonder that the alien had been willing to trade ships. He stared up the barrel of the guns and went up the stairs to the door which he opened using the combination.

He rushed up the stairs to the control room. The panel stared him in the face. He looked over the controls and turned a few. With one of them the turret turned and so he aimed the gun at the ship and pressed as many buttons as seemed reasonable.

pffftt!!! His old ship was melting on the grass, burning it as it flowed down hill.

Christopher Curtis  
Form 5  
Age 16.





YOUNG MODS

HERE WE ARE,  
dressed in blue,  
driving a car,  
and sniffing glue.

THE WORD IS OUT:  
free love is in;  
our morals are lower,  
than they have ever been.

HERE WE ARE,  
dressed in red  
without a care:  
"God is dead".

"GOD IS DEAD?"  
now don't be foolish;  
atheism's the word;  
it sounds less ghoulish.

HERE WE ARE,  
dressed in black;  
we're so scared,  
we dare not look back.

WE FIND OUR MISTAKES,  
in the political mire,  
the only ones afloat,  
are Ottawa's higher.

HERE WE ARE,  
dressed in yellow,  
sick of war  
and the other fellow.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN:  
loveless marriages  
just for the week-end;  
not for forever.

HERE WE ARE,  
dressed in green,  
and we don't care  
whether we're clean.

WHAT ARE HAPPENINGS?  
and what are the odds?  
for we are the beings,  
who now live like trops.



Gordon Steeves  
Form V  
Age 17.



CLICHÉ

I wonder just how mad he was,  
The fool who said love conquers all?  
This statement is ridiculous  
And without fail has proved false.  
Don't sing to me of lovers true  
(Romeo, fair Juliet!)  
Awhile they float in skies of blue  
Safe on every side,  
But cruel fate will not forget  
And then where will they run and hide?  
Alas! Poor mortals!  
We weaken and give in at last,  
We yield and in love we fall.  
You'd think we would learn from the past  
Love surely does not conquer all .....  
but GEE,  
it sure helps!

Leslie Ann Nash  
Form V  
Age 16.





## EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY

All men are not created equal. Not all have the same gifts or capacities and, in addition, all live under different social conditions and in different environments. But, all men should have equal rights, and equal opportunities to enjoy these rights. This is the concept of the equality of opportunity.

Equality of opportunity can be defined as the idea of giving every man, whatever his birth, occupation, or social position, equal chances of using his natural gifts (character, intelligence, physique) to the full. This means that all members of a society should have equal chances to better themselves economically, socially, and culturally. It is the aim of a community which adopts the ideal of equality of opportunity to provide equal chances to all and thus make possible the well-being and social contentment of the majority, through more nearly equal starts in life and rewards for effort.

Organized groups, and even most primitive tribes, have a caste system. Therefore, the idea of a society without social differences of any kind is as unrealistic as the dream that men will use these social differences to better others than themselves. Almost any society, as a study of history will show, has been a prey to jealousies and desires for power. Also, it is true that, if rewards were equal, there would be little incentive to progress, to better oneself. Therefore, an egalitarian society, such as I have defined it, must be a compromise between the selfish and idealistic tendencies which are present within our own democracy.

To form an egalitarian society, many practical measures are necessary. First, real democracy is essential: a government which has eliminated as many forms possible of special privilege, whether environmental, educational or economic. Also needed are such measures as a partial redistribution of wealth and equalization of income.

Education is one of the most important steps along the road to equality of opportunity. A man's progress may be hampered by his environment, even if he is very ambitious and intelligent. If society were improved to the point where all young people were educated to the limit of their capacities, we would be well on the way to achieving our egalitarian society. Another consequence would be that professional people, such as surgeons and lawyers, would become more plentiful and therefore their rewards ( i.e., wealth) would fall to a more reasonable level.

Critics of an egalitarian society bring up such dangers as the threat of a mass society and of mass opinions if all are educated in similar fashions at similar schools, and the threat of a cultural loss because some cultural activities are privately supported.



However, many of these criticisms apply to the society in which we live today.

Liberal democracies were formed with the purpose of freeing the individual to enjoy "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness". This is only universally possible through equality of opportunity. Surely, the mass discontent now found on our continent will partially disappear in an egalitarian society, where man is rewarded according to his work and ability, not his birth. Only in a society where equality and justice prevail, can man realize the full potential with which he was born.

Elizabeth Kaplan  
Form 5  
Age 15





ODE IN MEMORY OF AN OUTCAST

I was alone  
In a dark and narrow street,  
The time was night,  
The air was still,  
The lamps were dim.  
And the sky with clouds was filled:  
The breeze sprang up  
Now and then.  
Its cold caught my cheek,  
And its stench turned my nose.  
It was dark  
It was cold  
It was lonely,  
I kicked a can  
And looked around.

A block away  
I saw a tavern,  
Its light  
An oasis made  
In the night.  
There were voices  
And a drunk emerged  
He looked at me  
Then turned again  
And stumbled off.

His song grew faint  
As he faded - into  
The claws of the night,  
And again  
I was alone.

Then once more,  
Was I enwrapped.  
In a shroud of silence,  
That burned my ears  
And warped my thoughts.  
It pierced my flesh  
(Conspiring with cold and dark)  
It clawed my bones  
And numbed my brain.

Then a laugh.  
It hit me hard,  
It knocked me down,  
My face in the gutter.  
I bit my tongue,  
I cried aloud,  
I raised my head  
And breathed my last;  
And then I knew,  
As I thought of her,  
That I was ALONE.



THE POETRY OF T.S. ELIOT

Thomas Stearns Eliot was born in 1888 in St. Louis, Missouri. After an extensive education both at home and abroad, he settled in London, and became a British subject in 1927. He ranks with Ezra Pound as one of the finest poets of the twentieth century, as was recognized in 1948 when he won the Nobel prize for literature.

His poems are chiefly known for their obscurity and depth of thought, their narrowness of subject matter, and their diverse and multi-linguaged references. It must be noted here that this discussion is in relation to only a small part of his poetry, and that any judgements passed on these poems do not necessarily apply to Eliot's poetry in general. It is possible, however, to observe certain elements of technique and style which are consistent in all of that part of the poetry analyzed.

One such element, as has already been mentioned is his obscurity and depth of thought. When reading Eliot's poetry, especially "The Waste Land", one gets the impression that everything is a scrambled and unconnected mass of ideas, but on further readings of the poem, the meaning becomes more clear, and the connections begin to show through. For example:

"A rat crept softly through the vegetation  
Dragging its slimy belly on the bank  
While I was fishing in the dull canal  
On a winter evening behind the gashouse  
Musing upon the king my brother's wreck  
And on the king my father's death before him."

At first sight, the last two lines seem to have no connection with the first four, but upon further consideration it can be seen, that the first four lines refer to Eliot's idea of the present, of which he has a very low opinion; and that the last two refer to the past which he reveres. Similarly in "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," he says:

"In the room the women come and go  
Talking of Michealangelo"

At first this just seems to tell what the women were talking about, but when one considers how deep and sincere a man Michealangelo was, and how shallow Eliot has made the women seem, a great contrast is produced.

These two quotations can also be used to demonstrate Eliot's narrowness of subject matter. In both he is pointing out the faults of the present. As a matter of fact, this is the main teaching of these two poems, as well as that of "The Hollow Men". In all of them Eliot points out the emptiness and dryness of the present and beauty of the past. For example, in "The Hollow Men" he says:

"This is the way the world ends  
Not with a bang but a whimper".

Here he indicates that the world is too weak to put up a fight before dying.

Another effect he continually uses is that of dryness. In "The Hollow Men", for example:

"This is the dead land  
This is the cactus land"





Poetry of T.S. Eliot

And in "The Waste Land",

"If there were sound of water only  
Not the cicada  
And dry grass singing  
But the sound of water over rock...  
But there is no water."

Like many of Eliot's descriptions, these certainly are not beautiful, but are effective.

Another quality for which Eliot is well known is the broad range of literature to which he refers in his own work. Not only does he refer to everything in the English language from nursery rhymes to the Bible, but he also uses allusions to works in several other languages including Hindu, Spanish, Italian, French, German, Greek, and Latin. And to make sure that nobody misses any of his less obvious allusions to English works, he supplies "The Waste Land" with his own set of notes. It has been said that this is done in order to give the poem universality, but one must think that it is, to a certain extent, showing off his knowledge. And when at the end of "The Waste Land" he uses five different languages and refers to eight different works in the last seven lines, the lines remind the reader of a circus at the end of which the audience sees the best acts. Eliot has reached a magnificent triumph in displaying his knowledge, but the point of the poem has been lost in five languages.

All the qualities discussed in the previous paragraphs can be noticed in the last lines of each of the poems. "The Hollow Men" closes with.

"This is the way the world ends  
Not with a bang but a whimper."

"The Waste Land" ends with the repetition of "The Peace which passeth understanding" in the Hindi word "Shantik, shantik, shantik," And "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" fades out with "Till Human voices wake us and we drown."

The first and third restate the ideas of their poems, and also those of "The Waste Land," The fact that the ideas are the same illustrates the narrowness of subject matter, and the ideas themselves illustrate the obscurity and depth of thought. The second quotation is the formal ending of an Upanishad (a Hindustani book) and illustrates the broad reference range, and the showing off.

T.S. Eliot is a brilliant poet, but a show-off.

William Black  
Form 6  
Age 15



## POLITENESS AND GOOD MANNERS

Politeness and good manners go together like ham and eggs. Where you find one, you invariably find the other, but it is sad to state that a very great number of people act as though they never heard of either. I would think that most people would instinctively know what constitutes politeness and good manners, but they do not realize that the practice or neglect of these two very important qualities show the inborn breeding of a person, be he of high standing on the social ladder or at the bottom. Very often one will find these qualities where least expected and vice-versa. A lot of people do not realize the importance of politeness and good manners, but they are of utmost importance in dealing with the problem of living comfortably and peacefully with others. The most important part of our lives involves contacts with people in all walks of life and it is to one's best interests and their's that these contacts be smooth and harmonious.

Politeness and good manners are really the fruits of consideration for others and can go a long way in making friends or saving lives when one is behind the wheel of a car. The 'bad drivers' who display utter disregard for the 'other fellow', most likely, could take a test with 'flying colors' but they do not practise the fundamentals of politeness even when their own and other lives are at stake. The practise of politeness is not relegated to drawing-rooms and parlors. It is on the highways where thousands of lives are snuffed out every year that it really 'pays off'. It is of such importance that the public is constantly bombarded by radio, television, and newspapers on the neglect of politeness, good manners, and courtesy.

"I care for nobody: no, not I -  
And nobody cares for me.  
That is the way I am living,  
And that is the way I will die".

Who wants a theme song like that? Surely not I.

Ellen Terriss  
Form 3  
Age 14





KALEIDOSCOPE

So many things  
Confuse me.  
So many ideas  
Swirl through my head.  
So many sights  
Blind my eyes  
And sounds, too,  
That make me shudder.

So many feelings  
Rack my soul,  
Stretch me  
Beyond endurance.  
So many desires,  
Passions, hopes,  
Surge through my body.

I was real, once.  
I was young and free and gay.  
But the world  
Has trampled me,  
And I have become numb,  
Crushed,  
A ghost.

Life is hard and sad,  
With the thought of a million tears  
Blinding my eyes,  
And the sound of a million sighs  
Clouding my heart ....

Elizabeth Kaplan  
Form V  
Age 15



## MINERALOGY

(HOBBY ANYONE?)



The study of Rocks and Minerals is a good introduction to natural history. Geology and a greater appreciation of the world about us.

A mineral is an inorganic body with a definite composition found in the earth. Minerals are tangible and often beautiful objects that can be kept in a collection, and building this collection does not destroy any living aspect of nature. It is hard to avoid seeing rocks and minerals in Nova Scotia. You may have to stalk wildlife and must await Spring flowers, but every road-cut, bank, or quarry exposes rocks and minerals. Man-made exposure like road and rail-cuts offer excellent collecting areas.

It is best to start with a general collection and then later to specialize in some narrower field. Mineralogy is a branch of Geology and specialized fields may include a group of all ores of a metal, crystal systems, chemical composition, gem minerals, or unusual mineral forms. Collections of specimens for display may vary but as you find better specimens, discard old ones. Do not crowd displays and plan a definite arrangement. It is helpful to plan some sort of catalogue and numbering system. A personally modified Dana number system is good. This is written in the classic mineralogy text used by professional mineralogists called Dana's System of Mineralogy. This is a widely used system for organization of a mineral collection by chemical composition which was first introduced by Dana. There are ten groups in which the almost 1,500 different minerals are classified.

There are several different distinguishing characteristics of minerals. (A) Colour is the first, being the most obvious. (B) The scale of hardness used by mineralogists is one that was set up by a German Mineralogist, Fredrich Mohs, in 1822 and has been in use ever since. The Mineral with the higher number can scratch anything below it. Examples of each hardness in the scale are:- 1. Talc, 2. Gypsum, 3. Calcite, 4. Fluorite, 5. Apatite, 6. Feldspar, 7. Quartz, 8. Topaz, 9. Corundum, 10. Diamond. (C) Specific gravity means the weight of a substance in relation to the weight of the same volume of water. It is an important consideration in identifying minerals.

(D) "Streak" is the colour of the mineral powder. It is best seen on a dull, unglazed bathroom tile, which has a hardness of about 7. Minerals of greater hardness will not make a coloured streak.

(E) Cleavage is the tendency of a mineral to break in smooth flat planes and is obviously a fundamental property of a mineral.

(F) Fluorescence or Phosphorescence is the property of changing invisible ultra-violet light or X-ray beams to visible light for the viewer.





Most minerals have some sort of crystal structure and some can be extremely beautiful. The names of the crystal classifications are Isometric, Hexagonal, Rhombohedral, Tetragonal, Orthorombic, Monoclinic, and Triclinic.

There is, in the basic sciences, no more educational hobby than Minerology. It combines chemistry, physics, and Mathematics. You will get out of your hobby as much as you put into it and Nova Scotia, which is abundant in hundreds of minerals, is an excellent place to start such a hobby.

William Burton  
Form 3  
Age 14.



### JULIUS CAESAR

In December the school was very fortunate in being able to see a stage production of "The Tragedy of Julius Caesar" by William Shakespeare performed by the Dalhousie Glee and Dramatic Society. This play is thought to have been performed for the first time in September, 1599 and ever since then audiences have been gripped by the tragic story. The audience on this occasion was no exception and with the help of the simple but effective set the actors took their audience to the Rome of 44 B.C..

The chief parts were taken by Oscar Hachet as Julius Caesar, Brian Crocker as Mark Anthony, Les Callagher as Brutus, and Thomas Dumphy as Cassius. Also included in the cast were Howard Epstein and Bruce Hebbert, two "old boys" of the Grammar School. The part of Portia was played by Jane Purves who once starred in the school's production of 'The Valiant.'

As with most of Shakespeare's plays, the attention is caught at once and in this play, this is achieved by a great deal of movement on stage as the play opens. This production was given a most up-to-date emphasis by the playing of a Beattle tune "A Hard Day's Night" to which the citizens of Rome are seen dancing, obviously in a holiday mood. Caesar enters and is hailed by the populous. From this point on the mood changes and we sense the impending tragedy. The scene of Caesar's murder before the capitol was realistically acted and a good effect attained when the citizens, on hearing of the murder ran among the audience loudly bewailing the deed.

An opportunity to see a live performance of one of Shakespeare's plays should never be missed. On this occasion Form 2 was studying this play and other plays were, of course, being read by Senior forms. Shakespeare wrote his plays to be acted before the "man in the street" of his day; to see a live performance is still the best way in which they "come alive" for us. We are indebted to the D.G.D.S. for the time and effort they put into staging this play, and we hope that the response they received will encourage them to put on another play before long.

William Burton  
Form 3  
Age 14





### TUFT'S COVE GENERATING STATION

Last autumn a group of Senior School students visited the Nova Scotia Light and Power's new thermal generating station at Tuft's Cove in Dartmouth. The plant was not in operation at the time, as a general checkup on all equipment was in progress. This gave us an excellent opportunity to see inside some of the giant machines which provide our light and power.

We formed two groups and each was guided through the plant by a highly trained employee. First we saw one of the raw materials, the fuel which provided the energy to generate electricity. Coal is used in this power plant, and the bulk of it comes by rail from Sydney, Cape Breton. Within the plant the coal is crushed to less than the size of peas and sent to the boiler. When operating at full capacity the station uses eight hundred tons a day.

Huge fans drive the coal to the boiler at 200 m.p.h. The coal heats water in a boiler twenty-two stories high to create steam. The pipes carrying the steam away to drive the turbine are made of a special steel to withstand the tremendous heat and pressure. This steam drives a turbine which in turn drives the generator. The generator creates the actual electric current.

Outside again we went down to the water front to see the filtering system for the intake of sea water. We saw some of the filtered debris, and it included half an eel, bits of wood and seaweed, and the remains of a rusty tin can. Although a great deal of water is taken from the harbour, the condensers convert the steam back to water and it is reused.

The attractive red and white chimney which can be seen so clearly from most of Halifax and Dartmouth is five hundred feet high, probably the tallest object in Nova Scotia. A cement casing encloses the inner brick chimney for protection against wind and weather, and in high winds it sways as much as sixteen inches. A large space between the two chimneys enables men to enter for repairs. The outside chimney is forty feet in diameter.

Everyone who went on the trip learned a great deal about what goes on behind scenes when we flip a switch or turn on an electrical appliance.

Claire Wilson,  
Form 1.  
Age 12.



- 66 -  
BEATLEMANIA

I. The long line of jittering girls,  
Dying  
    to get in.  
Their guys --  
    that's how they feel --  
                    rejected.

Suspense --  
    what's gonna happen?

Beatlemania.

II. You enter a large hall of compressed feelings  
Which you know must escape;  
                    but how -- why?

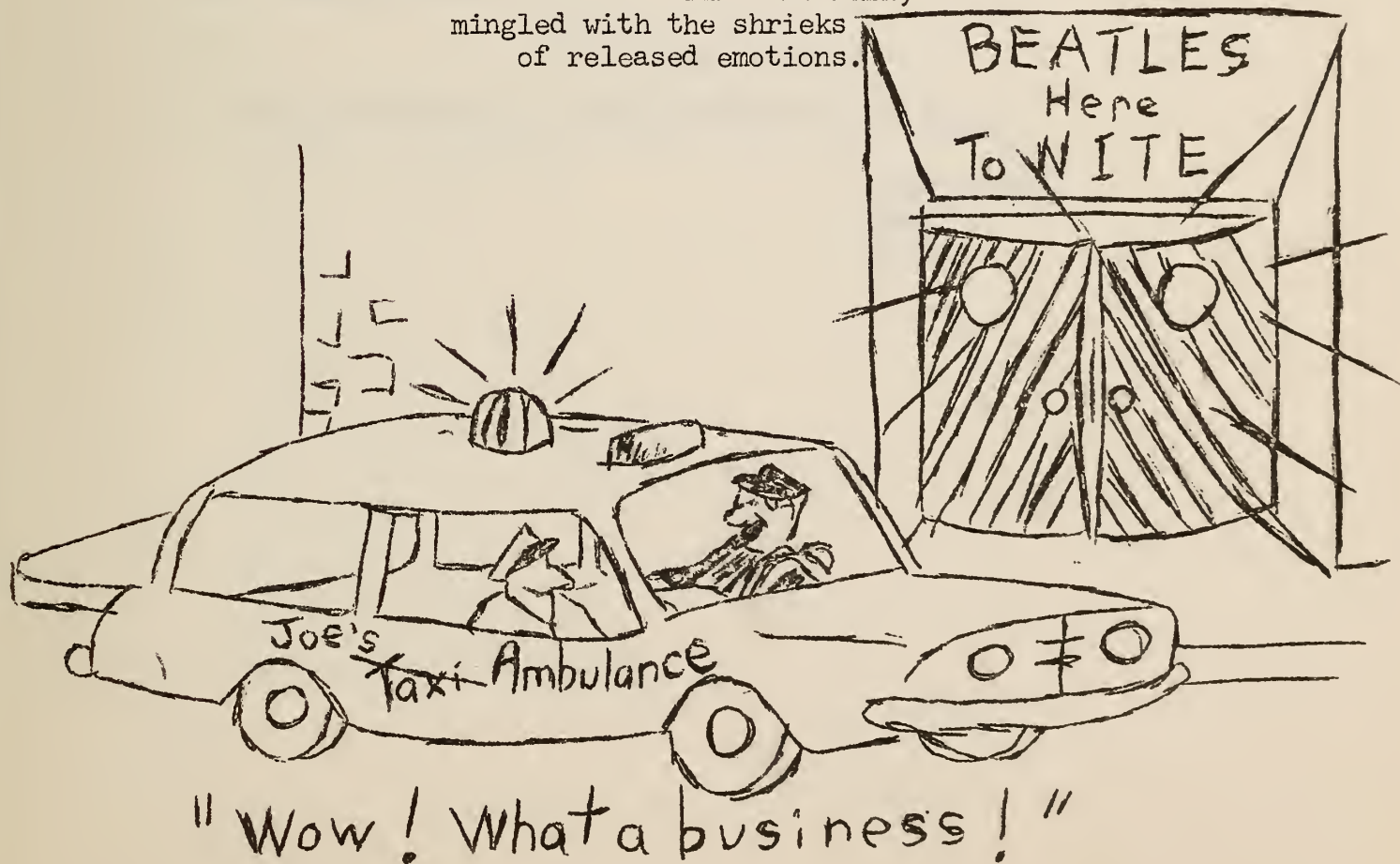
Beatlemania

III. This time she's leading you to a place.

Beatlemania.

IV. They  
    appear;  
Feminine control begins to go --  
A constant,  
An eternal

    rhythm  
            fills the hall,  
mingled with the shrieks  
of released emotions.







- V. You find the tension is not just in her; it's in you,  
too. She's reacted with shrieks and yells; you feel the  
same thrill she does, but to express it would make you  
appear a bigger fool than you already do appear, because  
really you're not a fool; it's just being in this situ-  
ation makes you appear a fool; but if you feel a fool,  
how does every other boy feel in this same situation?  
How does he think he appears?
- VI. As the constant beat builds up  
and compression finally bursts,  
She faints.  
"How does it feel to be on your own?"  
Are you a spectacle?  
Or has this drama gone unnoticed?
- VII. You'll never know,  
For now the constant rhythm  
is deceased.  
Beatlemania.
- VIII. Tension slowly decreases;  
People leave,  
dazed by confusion,  
yet with regret.  
Beatlemania.
- IX. You are alone.  
Silence.  
Beatlemania.
1. Taken from "Like a Rolling Stone" by Bob Dylan.

Peter Wright  
Form 3  
Age 16



ODE TO SOMETHING: PERHAPS LOVE, PERHAPS DEATH

Part I

Some say and Many sing  
Of Things and other Things,  
And more Things.  
That the Gospel on the Signs,  
In Places  
In Cities,  
Right Here.  
That speak to You  
To me,  
Reads Buy, Reads Hell,  
Spells Credit, Spells Debt.  
Prophecies Death.

The World is A Hell;  
Life: a Joke  
A Terrifying Joke  
A Hoax,  
And We, The Jokers,  
Whose life is Unreal.  
Our Part: an Illusion,  
Our Jobs a Cover-up  
For the Exploitation  
Of the Masses,  
In the Name  
of  
the DOLLAR.

Part II

Our Security means Unemployment Insurance,  
It means Pensions,  
Which mean more TIME.  
Time for What?  
Love?  
Friends?  
No!  
It means More time  
On the Stage of Life,  
Before the Cue  
(Of Cigarettes or Alcohol)  
Which precedes the EXIT,  
Our DEATH:  
A Sleep Eternal.  
Eternal Peace.  
After Strife  
In a MEANINGLESS Place.  
Good Night. Good Morning.

Ian Slayter  
Form 5  
Age 16





FOR A NEW WORLD.

A century ago Nietzsche, a German philosopher, pronounced God dead. In this Easter's publication, Time magazine wrote a cover story on that issue. I feel, however, that not one but two Gods have died, and a third has been born. Dead is the cruel, vindictive god of the Old Testament, the one who commanded Abraham to sacrifice his only son, Isaac, as proof of his faith. This god died with the birth of Jesus. Also dead is his successor, the benevolent god of the New Testament. He died with the birth of the "atomic age." A new god has since been born for this era of scientific discovery as the previous gods served their times.

The modern generation was born into a scientific world, one of facts and figures, the world of the atom bomb, the rocket, and telecommunications. It is exceedingly difficult for this generation to fear a vindictive god after seeing "atheists" and "atheistic" societies rise to great power and prosperity. It is equally difficult to worship a loving god who let six million of his "chosen people" die in concentration camps. I do feel, however, that most young people think of "God" only as an impersonal deity and the one who "in the beginning...created the heaven and the earth". (Gen. 1:1) It makes no difference what this deity is called whether it be Zeus, Lord, Allah, or Jehovah. He serves as an explanation for the occurrence of scientifically unexplained facts; for example how the universe was created.

With the recent rapid increase of scientific discoveries, logical answers to many ancient questions seem more reasonable to the modern mind than the miracles of the Bible. The Darwinian theory of evolution is easier to believe and has more geological proof than the Book of Genesis's creation of the human race. In fact in one famous case the Bible "the word of God" was proved wrong; it is now common knowledge that the earth is not the center of the universe.

The "New Testament God" has been claimed by all Christian "Churches" but each has such different conceptions of God, they each might as well have a different God. Furthermore, these Churches create social discrimination because each feels superior to the others. Because of this internal rivalry difficulties arise when two "Churches" clash. This clash usually involves marriage and married life.

It has been said that by 1980 the world will be under the influence of a new religion and a new religious leader. After all, many "pagan" religions have already perished. It is quite possible that Christianity may also become mere history.

John Steeves  
Form 5  
Age 16



LET THE TABLES TURN

School is just a prison,  
Of the teacher and the taught,  
And it's doomed to have a schism,  
Since what's taught as right is not.

Now it's good to have some knowledge,  
Of the World and all its facts,  
But even with those at college,  
There's something that it lacks.

It's the light of truth in infants,  
And the wisdom of the wise,  
It's the know-how to be happy,  
With all the World a prize.

It's the playing of a puppy,  
With a bone or rubber ball,  
But it's something that is lacking,  
In the "learned" almost all.

It's the protest of the youthful,  
To be different through and through;  
It's the hatred of the ruling,  
Of both you and you and you.

So teach not but develop  
All the wealth that lies in youth,  
And soon perhaps they'll teach us,  
What we know not as the truth.

That happiness is glory,  
The thing we've always sought;  
That even the best amongst us,  
Can by our youth be taught.

Alan Chaddock  
Form V  
Age 17





### VIKING ADVENTURES IN EARLY NORTH AMERICA

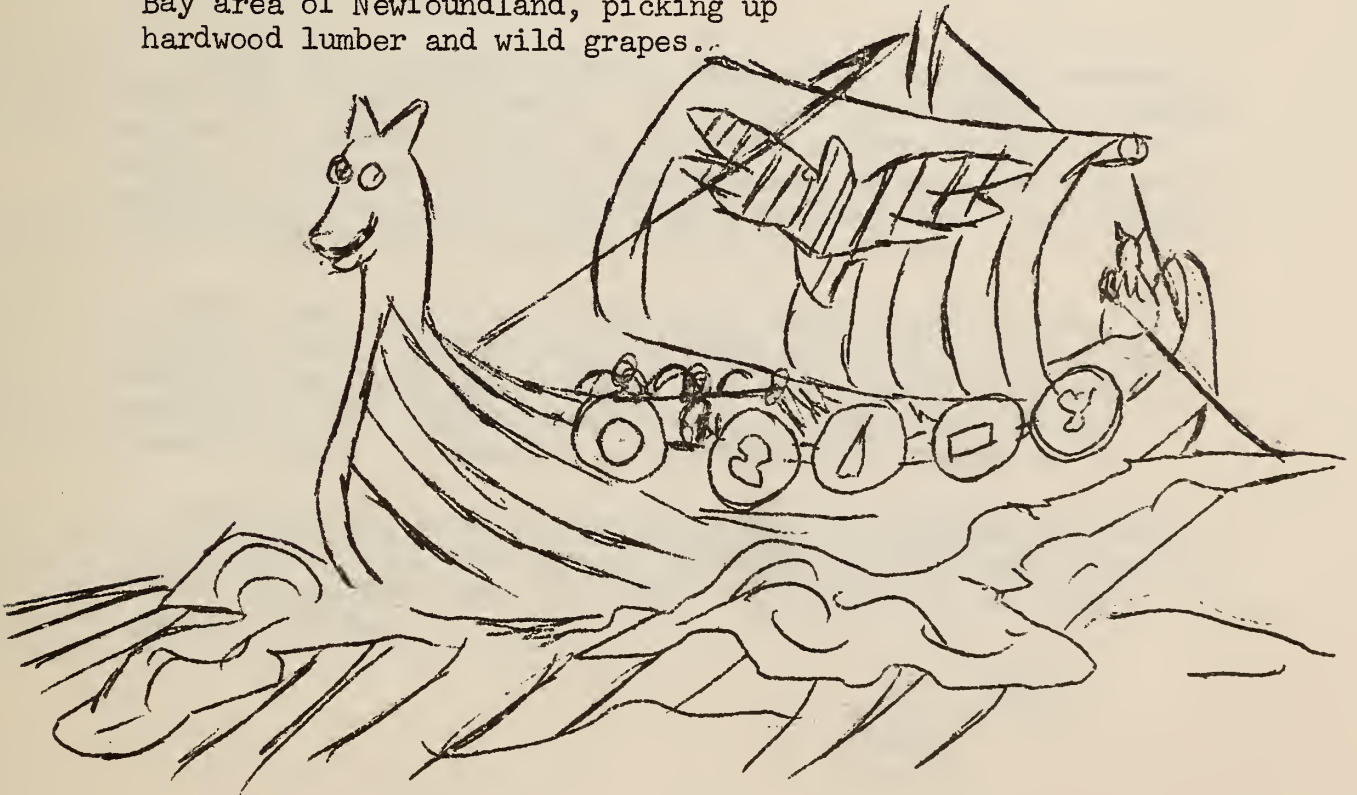
In recent years, Viking explorations of the eleventh century have received great renown, through articles in newspapers and magazines: "Helge Ingstad excavates Viking ruins in Newfoundland" - "Ancient Vinland Map proves Viking here first" - "Farley Mowat Researches Vinland Vikings". When considering the discoverers of America, Columbus is out; these rough, bellicose adventurers are in.

Just who did discover America? Research indicates that Viking Eric the Red may have landed on Baffin Island. Exiled from his native Iceland for murder, he had sailed west, and later set up a colony in Greenland.

If not, it was Bjarni Horjolfson, a merchant mariner blown off course who sighted the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador in 986. However, he kept the information to himself for ten years.

At last, Eric's son, Leif, catching wind of Bjarni's find of a decade before, set out using Bjarni's ship and crew, perhaps Bjarni Himself as navigator, towards the New World.

One likely theory of Leif's travels is that he sailed by the coast of Baffin Island ("Helluland", he called it - Land of great stones), Labrador ("Markland" meaning Woodland), and Newfoundland ("Vinland" meaning Wineland, or Grassland). Finally, he made landings in the Trinity Bay area of Newfoundland, picking up hardwood lumber and wild grapes.





This proved to be a valuable cargo, so that Leif became quite secretive about the whereabouts of his Eldorado. Eric the Red himself sailed west again, but failed to find Vinland.

About the year 1003, Eric's Greenland colony received two shiploads of colonists eager to settle in that land, but by now, there was little suitable land left; so, next spring, Eric suggested that they might try to find Leif's Vinland, and settle there.

They set out, and reached Belle Isle Strait, where they paused. Winter was approaching, so they decided to set up camp on the nearby land (L'Anse au Meadow at the northern tip of the Newfoundland Peninsula. In the spring, however, one boat party set out north, but was blown out to sea by a gale and lost. Another boat sailed westward along the south coast of Labrador, while the rest explored south along Newfoundland's west coast to a place they called Hop where they decided to settle. During the following winter, a child was born; probably the first white child to be born in North America.

This could have been a permanent settlement, but they insisted upon getting into a needless scuffle with a band of wandering Eskimos. Fearing reprisals, they pulled up stakes, moved to L'Anse au Meadow.

But, still wanting to find the real Vinland, they sailed south into Newfoundland's White Bay. Here they found another good settlement site, but again, they dared not settle because they had attacked a band of the pacific Beothuk Indians, and were afraid of retaliation.

After this bloody incident, most of the settlers returned home with cargoes of lumber. A few hardy Greenlanders, however, stayed for a third winter at L'Anse au Meadow. Here, a mass murder, provoked by Leif Ericksson's mad sister, Freydis, wiped out much of the colony. Those left sailed home in the spring, leaving behind them a trail of blood and murder.

This was not the last that North America saw of the Vikings. Some say that there existed a Viking colony on the banks of the Upper Mississippi. Evidence for this is not conclusive, but Vikings did cross the Atlantic to obtain Canadian lumber frequently in the following century or two.

After, that, however, the paths across the Atlantic were left unknown until the voyages of Columbus (1492) and Cabot (1497) opened the gates to a flood of fishermen, explorers, and then settlers.

Keith Farndale  
Form 4  
Age 15.







### TRAVELLING STUDENTS

During the past Easter holidays, many of the students took trips venturing out of the Maritimes. In the Prep School there were many. Howard Conter and Robert Boyd visited Montreal and probably saw with envy the beginnings of the Centennial projects. Robert Boyd came back via the United States. I wonder if he noticed any contrasts between Canadians and Americans. Jan Havlovic, George and David Clarke made trips to Maine in the United States. The farthest trip made by a Junior student was a trip to the sunny island of Bermuda by Johan Koppernaes. While making the poll I discovered the shortest trip when a small girl by the name of Carol Walling told me of her big trip to Musquodoboit Harbour.

There were also quite a few Senior students who went on long trips.

Jimmy Crosby visited the largest city in the United States, New York. Jimmy went to the top of the Empire State Building, which must have been a very thrilling experience. He also saw the Statue of Liberty. From New York Jimmy went to Washington, D. C., where he saw the White House.

Hugh Corston and Toby Norwood went to the West Indies. They stayed in Martinique, Guadeloupe, Antigua and had a two-hour glimpse of Bermuda. Unfortunately they got lost in Antigua while riding on a jeep and missed several planes.

George and Robert Hawkins went to Bermuda where they saw a zoo, an aquarium, crystal cave, and visited Hamilton, the capital.

Graham Fowler went to Naples in Florida. Here he and his family saw the Everglades and had a ride on a hydrofoil. They also watched performing dolphins.

A great enthusiast of skiing, Peter Norwood, visited Sugar Loaf in Maine where the only gondola left in Eastern North America is. He also told me of six T-bar lifts and a six-mile trail.

Alan Spafford visited Jamaica where he saw the Governor-General's residence and was fortunate enough to see the filming site of two James Bond movies.

Ian Thompson and Mike Rowan-Legge went to Baltimore and Washington, D.C. Here they saw the Jefferson and Lincoln Memorials. They climbed inside the Washington Monument - 898 stairs! Also in Washington they took a tour of the F.B.I. building.

Alan Chaddock went to London, England, where he stayed at the Cumberland Hotel near Marble Arch. He spent most of his time in London with his uncle, who was his guide. After seeing the sights in London, he moved down the coast and saw the countryside. He remarked that he liked the country better than the city because it was not so commercialized.



### Travelling Students

My family and I went to England and visited relatives. Oxford University, I found, actually consists of thirty-one different universities. My uncle, John Maud, is master of University College, one of the leading three. During the final days of our trip we stayed at the Dorchester Hotel at the corner of Hyde Park in London. (Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton were staying there also in their penthouse on the top storey.) While in London, we saw the Tower of London, St. Paul's, the Crown Jewels, Westminster Abbey and the Science Museum. Of course we rode the underground, the taxis, and the famous double-decker buses.

John Grace  
Form 3  
Age 13



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL - LADIES' COLLEGE U. N. CLUB

Front row, left to right: Pam Hughes, Nick Holmes, Gordon Steeves,  
Chris Curtis, Beth Kaplan.

Back row: Barbara Anderson, June Dawson, Doug Kernaghan, Ian MacLachlan  
John Howitt, Kathy Stuart, Sarah Norman.





PORT ROYAL AND

THE ORDER OF GOOD CHEER

Port Royal was founded in 1605 by Champlain. In 1604 he had visited the area before going to Ste. Croix Island. At Ste. Croix, the settlement was a disaster. Half the settlers died of scurvy and malnutrition. In early spring, the settlement was moved to Port Royal. A habitation was built and crops planted. A mill was built to grind wheat. As the summer progressed several ships arrived at Port Royal. On one, was Louis Hebert, a chemist, who began the first farm in Quebec several years later.

Marc Lescarbot, the first playwright of the New World, was also among the early settlers. Lescarbot wrote a play called "Neptune", and a history of the settlement.

Jean de Biencourt was one of the early governors of the small French colony.

The first social club of North America was started by these men. It was called "L'Ordre de Bon Temps". The main purpose of the club was to pass away the long winter nights in merriment and fun. There were eleven other men in the elite club bringing the total membership to fifteen.





One of the usual guests was Memberton, the local Indian Chief. He often brought twenty or thirty warriors with him. These men sat around the walls and ate the scraps of food left over.

The affair was held weekly. Every two weeks a maitre d'hotel or chief steward was appointed. The men appointed would always try to make a better meal than his predecessor.

Each banquet started with a procession; this procession was lead by the chief steward who wore his chain of office and carried a staff of office. He also had a serviette over one shoulder. The fourteen other members came in behind him carrying a dish of food.

Usually moose, caribou, beaver, otter, bear, rabbit, wild-cat, duck, geese, partridge and lark made up the main course. Wine was served with both the main meal and dessert.

The dessert was usually pie or pastries.

After the dessert was finished, the chief steward made a toast. If it was a night to change the chief steward, the chain and staff of office were solemnly handed over to the next steward. After that, the two men toasted each other.

Unfortunately, the habitation was captured by the English in 1710 and the club was discontinued.

Some 320 years later, in 1927, several men in Annapolis Royal, as Port Royal is now called, held a meeting to form a club. This club was known as the Community Club. In 1930 the club joined the Canadian Club as a branch. This arrangement however proved to be unsatisfactory, and, in 1931, the club was renamed "The Order of Good Cheer".

This club meets once a month. The tradition of a "Chief Steward" has been continued, but, now other men are appointed to help him. These men are changed each month. The "Chief Steward" makes the first toast to God and the Queen. This is followed by a round of toasts by the president and secretary of the club.

The club has grown from its original exclusive fifteen members to a club to which almost anyone may belong. Part of the club's funds go for the printing of certificates which are sent to many prominent citizens who visit the restored "Habitation." The club's membership includes people from all over North America.



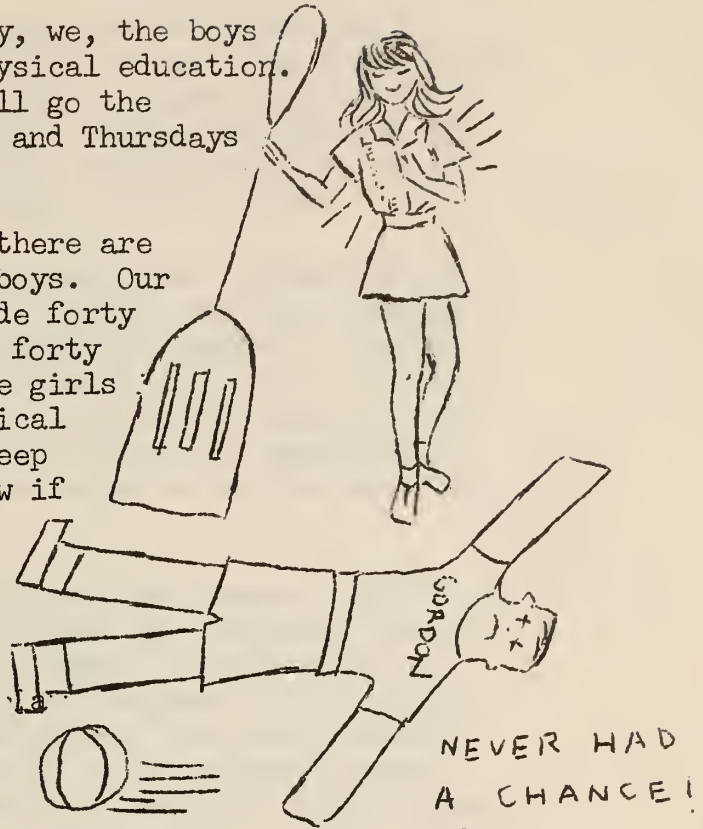




### GYM WITH GIRLS

Every Tuesday and Thursday, we, the boys go to the Y.M.C.A. for our physical education. The few girls in our school all go the Y.M.C.A. They go on Tuesdays and Thursdays and have gym with us.

In my class on Thursday, there are three girls and about thirty boys. Our classes at the Y.M.C.A. include forty five minutes with the gym and forty five minutes in the pool. The girls in our group are in poor physical shape; they seem unable to keep up to the boys. I do not know if they do not want to try, but, they certainly need to. If, after basketball practice we want a game, we have to pick a girl. The way girls play basketball, and the way boys play basketball is entirely different. To be honest, they just get in the way; I know for I was tripped by one. I am not the only casualty, for others have been scratched and tripped. It is a difficult class for the boys and sometimes for the girls when, for example, the class is taking Judo or wrestling. These are some problems, but, on the whole, the girls just sit around in the Gym and play among themselves. Down in the pool, the girls are slow swimmers and they play a poor game of water polo.



Unfortunately in swimming if anything is to be taught everyone has to be paired. This leaves a girl stuck with a boy and, similarly, a boy stuck with a girl. This is a bit complicated, especially with artificial respiration. Also, they complain that they cannot sometimes go swimming for the whole period for they have to dry their hair before they go back to school. So they leave the pool early.

These are some of the problems and some examples of our gym class with girls. These problems may or may not be solved with more girls in the school.

Gordon Steeves  
Form 5  
Age 17



### GYM WITH THE BOYS

That gym this year has proved to be an adventure is certainly an understatement. It is not every girl who finds herself on a volleyball team with five neat, handsome, Grammar School boys, flexing their bulging muscles for the girls dreamy-eyed admiration. As a matter of fact, it is not the case with the Grammar School girls either.

The boys seem to love having the girls "interfere" with their recreation, joining all the teams, and consequently causing their teams to suffer disastrous defeat. Another thing they absolutely adore is blaming the girls for all their silly mistakes, like failing to hit the ball over the net. We girls accept these false accusations graciously, because we know that the boys are superior and we like to boost their egos.

The girls, or "ladies of The Halifax Grammar School", are not exceptionally happy about the gym classes. However, the boys are perfect gentlemen, always, insulting you on your basketball skills, throwing body-checks, accidentally, naturally, which send one smack against the wall, walking away with self-satisfied smirks on their innocent faces, and making one feel helpless and forlorn, like a fair damsel in distress lying crumpled in a corner after a verbal or physical attack.

The boys are wonderful, though, and so are the games. The favorite game is volleyball, which is really fun if you do not get trampled or elbowed. All of the girls love basketball, but we, unfortunately, are outvoted in favour of a game of floor-hockey, a gentle, friendly tussle, in which everyone slashes madly at his opponent to take possession of the small felt ring. Judo is a favorite with everyone, for on that day there is a mad rush for two periods of swimming. Well, at least it is a change, and such a lady-like way of defending oneself.

Gym, this year, certainly has not been dull. We, meaning the girls, never know what new exciting adventure lies waiting on every Thursday.

Katherine Stuart  
Form V  
Age 16.





## THE HISTORY OF THE HALIFAX CITADEL

The history of the Halifax Citadel is a history of nearly two centuries of the defence of one of North America's most strategic locations. The Citadel represented British power in Canada for over 150 years. Although it was never needed in action, its presence may have served the purpose as a defensive stronghold against many different enemies.

On June 21, 1749, Edward Cornwallis arrived in Chebucto Harbour accompanied by 25,000 settlers to build the town of Halifax. In July, they were joined by two regiments which had evacuated Louisbourg under terms of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

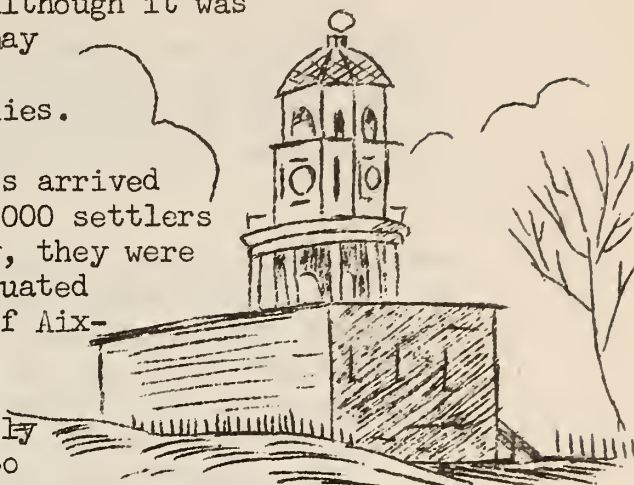
Cornwallis realized that immediately Halifax had to have a defensive plan to protect the town from the Indian attacks; so he asked the settlers to build five stockaded forts with connecting palisades. The settlers refused to help and the troops had to guard against a sudden attack. After a threat of an Indian attack in August, they built a line of pickets around the town and two weeks later had built a fort close to the top of the hill.

By July, 1750, five forts surrounded Halifax: Horseman's Fort, Cornwallis Fort, the Citadel, Fort Luttrell and Grenadier Fort.

Soon the town had grown outside the palisades. From 1761 to July, 1762, a new citadel was built which had long ridges of earthworks. During the American Revolution, the fortifications were enlarged, and strengthened. The earthworks which mounted many guns covered most of the hill. A large eight-sided blockhouse enclosed by a square fort served as a stronghold, and barracks for one hundred men were constructed on the summit.

After the American Revolution, the Citadel was let to fall into ruins. Halifax was alarmed when Napoleon rose to power and feared that he might invade Nova Scotia and use it as a base to reconquer Canada.

During 1794, Prince Edward (later the Duke of Kent and father of Queen Victoria) became commander-in-chief at Halifax and obtained large sums of money for Halifax's defence system. Immediately plans were made for a new citadel, "Fort George", which would contain 1,000 men, space for 650 men in bomb-proof shelters, and a powder magazine for 1,200 barrels of gunpowder. The cost was about £9,400. By 1798, the work on the citadel was finished and plans for a Garrison Clock were drawn. In 1803, this clock was imported from England and installed on the east slope of the hill.



THE CITADEL



The earthworks and the old fort had been demolished and to provide a flat base, fifteen feet were cut from the top of the hill. On top of this base, a large wooden fort was built.

During the War of 1812, the Citadel was repaired and a stone bomb-proof magazine was constructed. After the war, the citadel again fell into ruins, but within ten years, Britain decided that a permanent fortress should be built at Halifax which would be impregnable.

Work began in 1828 under Colonel Nichols and continued for nearly thirty years. The earth and timber defences of Fort George were demolished and seventeen more feet of earth were cut away. The earth was spread around the Citadel, the Citadel to form a symmetrical slope which could be swept by gun and musketry fire. Granite and ironstone used for the interior retaining walls and buildings were brought from Purcell's Cove, but bricks were sent from England as ship's ballast. After 1832 much of the original work had to be rebuilt due to unexpected effects of the winter climate.

The Cavalier Barracks were then built with the west wall six feet thick at the base and the east wall three feet thick at the base. Seven twenty-four guns were put on rails on the roof.

Two bomb-proof magazines of granite were built to contain a combined capacity of 3,920 barrels of gunpowder. Three rain-water tanks, a well, a gate and a drawbridge were also built.

When the Citadel was finished, it was one of the British Empire's more powerful defences and it occupied a very strategic position. Soon after it was completed, however, it was gradually becoming apparent that it was doomed to become obsolete. Plans for systems of defence were changing rapidly, and by 1870, the Citadel was completely obsolete due to outdated systems which it used.

In 1906, the British troops, who were replaced by the Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery, left, thus ending nearly 157 years of Imperial occupation.

During the First World War, the Citadel was used as a detention camp for suspicious aliens and prisoners of war. Among the prisoners of war were German naval prisoners from the Falkland Islands Battle and Leon Trotsky who later held important positions in Lenin's government of Russia.

During the Second World War, the Citadel was again put to use; as a signal post, radio station, and a site for searchlights and anti-aircraft guns.







In 1951, the Citadel was transferred to the Federal Department of Resources and Development, and, in 1955, the Halifax Memorial in memory of Canadian soldiers, sailors, and merchant seamen who died on the sea during the two world wars was unveiled by the Governor-General Vincent Massey on the exact site of the original citadel built in 1749.

In 1956 the Citadel became a National Historic Park and restoration work was begun much of which will be finished by Canada's Centennial. Today, visitors can see the interesting exhibits in the Citadel's museums which have items from its peaceful but colorful past.

Peter Meyerhof  
Form 4  
Age 15.

### SPRING

As the darkened leafs of winter  
Bloom into pages of spring,  
The young birds take wing,  
While the bumble bees sing.

And as the last snowflake disappears,  
And the golden sun hangs high above,  
The first young flower reappears,  
And the breezes sing in tunes of love.

And as the last grey cloud of mist  
Blooms into satins of gold,  
The world is kissed  
With wonders that never grow old.

Judith Bell  
Form 2  
Age 13.



CAPTAIN STONEWELL

Captain John Stonewell was lying on his bed trying to get some sleep. Being Captain of a Carrier can be a tricky experience at the best of times, and this was not one of the best of times. There was a sharp rap on the door of the cabin. "Come in!" Captain Stonewell did not attempt to belie the annoyance in his voice. "Sir," the messenger replied, "our orders have arrived and are being decoded." "...!" exploded Captain Stonewell. "Did you wake me up to tell me this?" "Sir?" was the meek reply. "Yes" "You asked to be informed when our orders came, sir." "Oh, well, I'm not to be bothered until the orders are decoded, and make it snappy." "Yes sir." The messenger turned and walked back to the bridge muttering about "Old Stoney."

It was a full half-hour before there was another rap on the door. "Old Stoney" stopped the stopwatch and told the messenger to enter. He read the orders and then ordered the messenger to tell the officer who had decoded the orders to report to his cabin, on the double.

There was a knock on the door. It was the officer who had done the decoding. "Old Stoney", after returning the officer's salute, stared at the culprit for a full minute before speaking. "Do you think it should have taken you 31 minutes and 25 seconds to decode our orders?" "No sir," was the unhappy reply. "Hum," said "Old Stoney". "Well, I'll give you something to code." He wrote out a ten-line message for coding, gave it to the officer and told him to report back when he had finished coding it.

This is Captain Stonewell, not exactly a soft Captain, but why was his ship commended for its high morale?

Michael Monahan  
Form 1  
Age 11





SCHOOL CALENDAR

Sept.	4 - Opening Date
	20 - Parents' Welcome Night - Diocesan Centre
	22 - AS YOU LIKE IT - Neptune Theatre
Oct.	8 - Annual Parents' Dance - Jubilee Boat Club
Nov.	12 - JULIUS CAESAR - Dalhousie University
	20 - Tour of Tuft's Cove Power Plant
Dec.	13 - Dr. Harlow - "The Human Body"
	17 - Senior School Dance - Diocesan Centre
	17 - Christmas Recess begins
Jan.	28 - Father Burke-Gaffney - Theories of the Origin of the Universe
Feb.	10 - Movie - OTHELLO with Lawrence Olivier
	18 - Mid-term Break
	24 - Halifax Symphony Orchestra - King's College
March	4 - Winter Carnival
April	7 - Easter Recess begins
	15 - High School Science Fair - Dalhousie University
May	14 - Open House
	Halifax Zone Track Meet
	U. N. Club Dance - Y. M. C. A.
June	14 - Closing Day
	- McGill Examinations Begin





SPORTS

Mask by Judith Bell

Form 2 - Age 13





## SPORTS

### Hockey

Our weekly practices on Friday were made more convenient to the hockey players with the newly-built St. Mary's skating arena just around the corner.

The slate for the year consisted of four hockey games against our old rivals The Police Boys' Club and, of course, King's College School. The set of exhibition games against the Police Boys' Club proved to uneventful with 9-1 and 11-2 losses to a hockey team which outclassed us offensively and defensively. The more interesting series was against King's College School. The first game was played in Windsor. Our boys came away with their first defeat of the season, 3-1. Our only tally was scored by George Hawkins from David Morrow.

The highlight of the season was the second game with King's College School. The large, hometown crowd of more than one hundred cheered on our team to a 5-2 victory over King's. The marksmen were John Morse with a brace, Bruce Bayne, Ian Thompson, and David Morrow.

The strongest play of the game was when our team was playing short-handed. The King's team had the power play on. Our defense managed to shoot the puck up the ice to relieve the pressure. A lone King's player raced back to get it. He was rounding the net when David Morrow, who was forechecking, appeared out of nowhere, stole the puck, walked in on the net, and scored. This was almost typical of the play of the game, which showed clearly, many people thought, which was the better club.

### Soccer

The soccer season was made more interesting than in previous years by two experienced soccer players instructing us in the rules and tactics of the game. They gave us a new outlook on the game and helped to create more enthusiasm.

The only game we managed to play was against Bedford Junior High School on the grounds of St. Mary's University. We were encouraged by the home crowd, cheering us on. The first half of the game was well played by both teams to a 0-0 tie. Unfortunately, in the second half a leaky defense permitted the Bedford team to split the game wide open with three unanswered tallies. We were certainly no match for the speedy Bedford team.

### Skiing

With the new skiing development opening up at Mount Martock, the skiers of Nova Scotia have a more varied choice of ski areas. Mount Martock has two trails and a main hill. To the right of the hill is a 3063 foot T-bar. Although the initial season was a poor one, this rapidly growing winter sports area should make a distinct contribution to the spreading enthusiasm for skiing in the Province.



### Skiing

Wentworth has added two more trails and a new Lodge this year, and it has become so popular a ski facility that many are hoping Mt. Martock will attract enough skiers to help with the problem of overcrowding on the Wentworth slopes. Wentworth enjoyed another good season with an abundance of snow.

### Y. M. C. A.

The students of the Senior School enjoyed another year of recreation on Tuesdays and Thursday at the "Y". Volleyball, basketball, floor hockey, weight lifting, and the exciting game of lacrosse are some of the games we have played.

All the students are working to get in shape for the Swim Meet on May 12th. This should prove to be one of the best sports events ever sponsored by the School.

### Football

Three boys of The Halifax Grammar School- Michael Rowan-Legg, Ian Thompson, and George Hawkins -- were fortunate enough to be on the football team which beat out the Moncton Rough Riders to win the Maritime Three-quarter Pint Championship. The final score was 18-9.





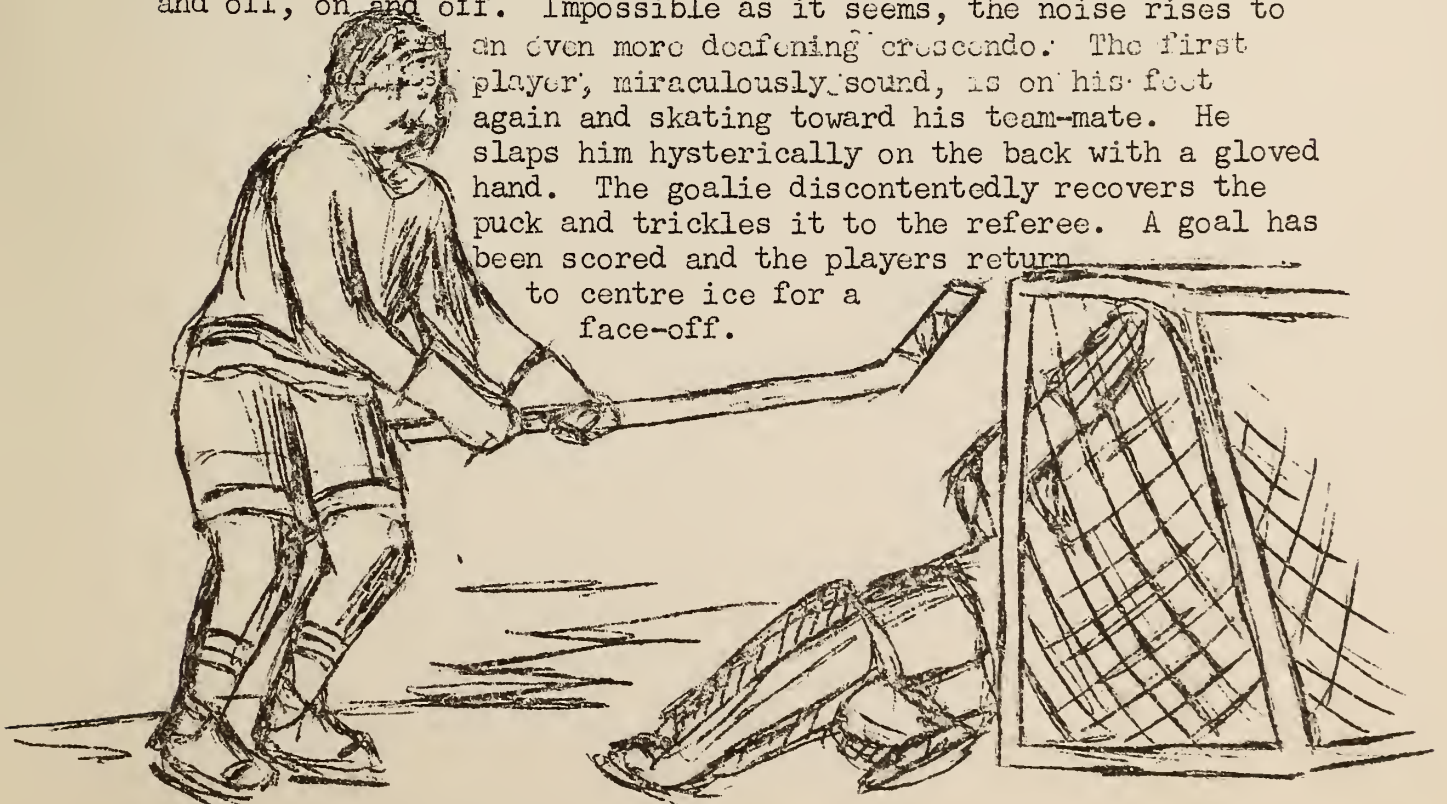
### THE MOST EXCITING GAME

There is the screaming of the steel on ice, lost instantly in the excited yell of the spectators. One of the defence, skating back to check an enemy attack, has poked the black rubber disk loose, dug his skates instinctively into the ice, turned, and in the time it takes to draw a breath, has lashed out an attack of his own.

Almost before the minds of the watchers can comprehend that hockey defense has turned into an attack. Swaying like a gull on the wings of a storm, the player with the puck heads back to the opponents' goal. Behind him the rest of the teams turn and set forth in hot pursuit. Opposing him he has only two defense-men and, crouched low in the net, the heavily padded enemy goalie.

The defense men, big fellows and made to appear almost prehistoric by the hulking pads under their jerseys, huddle slightly together and skate very slowly toward the speeding figure. As he swerves and varies his course, some of the pursuit begins to close in on him. The crunching of the skates is lost in the high-pitched screaming of the crowd. The defense men close in and stoop; he smashes into them; the lights flash on his skates as he pitches head over heels. The attack has been borken up.

But no! The puck has slowly dribbled behind the defense men, and a member of the first player's team has put it on his own stick. The goalie, trying to cover up, has slowly come out of his net and is now sprawling on the ice. The black puck flashes with the speed of a rifle bullet; the back of the goal swells an instant, and overhead a red light flashes -- on and off, on and off. Impossible as it seems, the noise rises to an even more deafening crescendo. The first player, miraculously sound, is on his feet again and skating toward his team-mate. He slaps him hysterically on the back with a gloved hand. The goalie discontentedly recovers the puck and trickles it to the referee. A goal has been scored and the players return to centre ice for a face-off.





All of this has taken only a few seconds. There is no other team sport in which players move with such speed. And no other game can change from attack to defense or from defense to attack with the blinding suddenness of hockey. Speed -- fierce, cold, driving speed -- is the hallmark of good hockey and the primary reason why hockey is "the" Canadian sport.

James Gumpert  
Form 3  
Age 13.







THE BROOMBALL GAME - OUR POINT OF VIEW

A couple of months ago, the Student Council arranged a broomball game with The Convent of the Sacred Heart to take place at the Saint Mary's Arena on Friday March 11th at five o'clock. Despite the absence of some of their star players, the boys put up a strong fight, and led four to two near the mid-way mark of the game. But the girls were obviously in much better condition, and with the aid of hard work, some remarkable goal-tending by the boys, and some unbelievable penalties against the latter, the score was soon tied. At this point, several of the boys who wandered too close to the boards mysteriously disappeared. This continued to the point where only one of them remained on the ice, and with a determined effort, the girls scored. Despite the valiant efforts of the few boys remaining (there were a few spares on the bench) they were unable to tie the game, and the girls left the ice with a five to four victory.

W.A. Black,  
Form 6,  
Age 15.



### BROOMBALL GAME

In March a broomball game took place between the boys of the Halifax Grammar School and the girls of The Sacred Heart Convent.

Apart from a few minor spills (on both sides !!) the game proceeded at a fast pace. I vividly recall the moment, when, having a breakaway, I slid and slithered madly towards the goal, encountering a large boy dressed in white, reminiscent of the abominable snowman, directly in my path. Unable to brake, I ended up face down on the ice and, looking up, saw my oppressor sauntering down the ice towards the convent's net.

Some of the onlookers, boys from another school, took great interest in the progress of this memorable game. So much so, that seeing the girls lagging a point, they decided to help out by kidnapping the Grammar School boys, one by one, over the boards. But the Grammar School boys took it all in good heart.

As I looked around, I could see The Halifax Grammar School team steadily decreasing in number, and one of my teammates was hurtling towards my brother in net who was standing looking aghast at the female ridden ice!

The game ended with an unexpected win of 5 to 4 in favour of the Convent. I know I speak for all of us when I say how thoroughly I enjoyed the game and look forward to another encounter.

Gabrielle Roberts,  
The Convent of the Sacred Heart  
Grade 9  
Age 15

### LA RAISON

Qu'est-ce que je cherche?  
Qu'est-ce que je ne trouve pas?  
Pourquoi est-ce qu'on travail d'ur  
Pendant toutes les journées  
Aime-t-on le travail? le succès?  
Est-ce qu'on aime etre loue'  
Par ses parents et professeurs?  
Combien d'entre nous savent la raison?  
La raison elle-même m'est égale  
Mais quiconque le sait dans son esprit  
A vraiment bien de la chance.

W. A. Black  
Form 6  
Age 15







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